

In this Number—THE TAKING OF TIEN-TSIN, By Frederick Palmer

COLLIER'S

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WAR IN CHINA



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE NATIONS AT THE GATE OF TIEN-TSIN

"THAT SOUTH GATE WAS AS BADLY BATTERED AS THE WOUNDED OF THE NINTH. THE ENTRANCE TO IT WAS CHOKED WITH THE GOINGS AND COMINGS OF THE SOLDIERS OF FOUR NATIONS... BRITISH OFFICERS, AMERICAN MARINES, WELSH FUSILIERS AND JAPS; AND THERE WERE COOLIES, DONKEYS AND 'RICKSHAWS, AND CHINESE PRISONERS WITH THEIR PIGTAILS TIED TOGETHER'"—(See "The Taking of Tien-tsin," in this Number)



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EDITORIAL PAGE

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WHAT WOULD CUBAN INDEPENDENCE MEAN TO THE UNITED STATES?

AS WE EXPECTED, the Cubans are indulging in heated criticism of a certain provision in the announcement made by Governor-General Wood with relation to the election of a constitutional convention. The Constitution which the Cubans are invited to frame must prescribe, they are told, the future relations of their island to the United States, by which are meant, we presume, not only the political but also the commercial relations. The implication, of course, is that, if the Constitution is not acceptable to the United States in these particulars, it will not be permitted to become operative. It is obvious that independence is one thing and vassalage another. By the joint resolution of April 18, 1898, we solemnly covenanted to give Cuba independence, and not the limited amount of liberty that may be enjoyed by a vassal State. A State which is not at liberty at any time, through its Executive and Legislature, to define, reverse or modify its relations to all foreign countries is to just that extent deprived of independence. If the restriction should go no further than to prohibit the conclusion of any treaty by Cuba with any foreign power, which should not be ratified by the United States, the island would be subjected to the kind of suzerainty which was imposed upon the South African Republic with reference to Great Britain by the convention of 1884. It is understood that the purposes of which Governor-General Wood has vaguely made himself the mouthpiece go considerably further, and contemplate the complete relogation of the treaty-making power by Cuba to the United States, both as regards political and commercial questions, and also a withholding from Cuba of the right to borrow money beyond a minimum amount, unless the loans shall be sanctioned by the Washington Government. We presume that the consideration offered for such a concession would be an agreement on our part to release Cuba from the cost of maintaining a navy, or, for that matter, of an army except for police purposes, and also, perhaps, an agreement to loan the island such sums of money as might seem needful for its internal development. There is no doubt that a good deal might be said for these restrictions, if we had any right to make them. As the Monroe Doctrine would, in any event, constrain us to defend Cuba against foreign aggression, it would seem superfluous to impose upon Cuban taxpayers the burden of a navy or of a considerable army.

WHO IS RULING CHINA?

CAREFUL attention should be paid to the exact phrasing of the reply made by our State Department to Li Hung Chang's proposal that, in view of the relief of the legations, the foreign troops should be withdrawn from Peking and plenipotentiaries appointed to negotiate the settlement of all other questions. Our Government has answered that it will be ready to welcome any overtures for a truce, and to invite other powers to join therein when the Chinese Government shall have shown its ability and willingness to bring about an effective suspension of hostilities on the part of the Chinese in Peking and elsewhere. Then follows the significant statement that, when the condition just named is satisfied, the United States will depute a representative to confer with the representatives of other similarly interested powers and of "the authoritative and responsible government of the Chinese Empire." Who and what constitutes the authoritative and responsible government of the Chinese Empire under the existing circumstances? Is supreme authority vested in the Emperor Kwang-Su? How can that be, when the United States and other treaty powers, following England's lead, have all acquiesced in his deposition since the *complicité* of 1898? Should the Empress Dowager be still accepted as the ruler with whose ostensible appointees all international business must be transacted? If she be an independent sovereign, possessing the freedom of action needed to give her acts validity, why is she a fugitive from her capital, and why has she sought refuge in the distant city of Singan-fu, which is rendered practically inaccessible by the high mountains which divide the provinces of Shen-si and Chih-hi? If, while in Peking, she was not under duress at the hands of Prince Tuan or other leaders of the Boxers and rebellious imperial troops, she must be deemed personally responsible for the outrages perpetrated there upon foreigners. If she was under duress, and thus escapes personal responsibility, what reason is there to doubt that she is still under restraint at the hands of the Anti-Foreign faction? It is certain that her last act before quitting Peking was to order the execution of three eminent Chinese statesmen known to have evinced good will toward foreigners, and to have advised the Empress to come

to terms with the treaty powers. It is palpable that the more carefully the matter is considered, the plainer it will appear that our State Department must discover a responsible government in China, before it can enter on negotiations for a withdrawal of our troops and for a settlement of the questions relating to indemnity for the past and guarantees for the future.

THE SENATE AND SILVER

LET US EXAMINE the figures by which Republican mathematicians seek to demonstrate that the Senate may have a majority for the free coinage of silver within the next four years. We should first remind the reader that the Gold Standard bill was carried ostensibly by a majority of 20, but really by a majority of 22, because Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire, who would oppose the free coinage of silver by the United States alone, voted against the bill owing to the absence of a clause favoring international bimetalism. There were four vacancies, namely, one each from Colorado, Delaware, Pennsylvania and Utah. As two of these States may be expected to elect Democrats, and two Republicans, the majority of 22 against silver would be unaffected by the filling of those vacancies. In 1901, however, the terms of 30 Senators will expire, and it remains to consider how their successors are likely to vote upon the silver question. Of these 30 States, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia are now, and will be in 1901, represented by Senators, each of whom will vote, as they have voted, for the free coinage of silver. In Colorado, however, a gold man will be superseded by a silver man, and the same thing may be said of Louisiana and Montana. This change would reduce the majority of 22 for the gold standard to 16, provided there were no counterbalancing gains for the Republicans. Suppose, however, that Mr. Bryan's friends should carry Nebraska, Kansas, Idaho, West Virginia and Wyoming. That would mean a transfer of five Senators from the gold to the silver column, and would reduce the majority for the gold standard to six. With regard to Kentucky, although Mr. Bryan seems likely to get the vote of both Democratic factions, there is a fusion between the Gold Democrats and the Republicans with regard to the Governor and the Legislature. Should the fusion prove successful, the outgoing Senator, Mr. Lindsay, who is a gold man, will have a successor of similar monetary views, in which event the gold standard would continue to have a majority of six. On the other hand, should the new Senator from Kentucky be a friend of silver, the majority would be cut down to four, that is, of course, provided there were no countervailing gains on the Republican side. As a matter of fact, the Republicans expect to elect legislative majorities in Kansas and South Dakota, thus retaining a seat above assigned to a Bryanite and placing a gold man in a seat hitherto occupied by Mr. Pettigrew, a friend of silver. That would make the majority for the gold standard eight. On the whole, therefore, we are unable to discern any likelihood of a repeal of the gold standard through an alteration of the political complexion of the Senate in 1901. How would it be in 1903, when thirty additional Senators would go out? One seat now held by a gold man, Mr. Pritchard of North Carolina, the Democrats would then be certain to capture, and it is possible, but by no means certain, that Mr. Deboe of Kentucky would then be replaced by an advocate of silver. We can see no other chance of a gain for free silver in 1903. We conclude, then, that, even if the Republicans should make no gains on their part in 1903—and they would have opportunities of making such—there would still be a majority of four for the gold standard in the last two years of Mr. Bryan's term. The practical deduction to be drawn from our figures is that the question of the free coinage of silver is not, and cannot be made, the dominant issue in the present campaign, and that, as the danger of imperialism, also, is too remote and visionary to excite more than an academic interest, the contest will really pivot on the unwillingness of workmen to jeopard the prosperity which at present they undoubtedly enjoy. We may note in passing, however, that we do not concur in the opinion expressed by the Anti-Imperialists and Third Party men that Mr. Bryan, if elected, could not rely upon obtaining the votes even of all the Democratic Senators for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The opinion is based upon the fact that a majority of the members of the Kansas City Convention were undoubtedly opposed to an explicit and emphatic reaffirmation of the silver plank in the Chicago platform. Their opposition vanished, however, before Mr. Bryan's peremptory fiat, and the influence which he thus exerted, when only a candidate for the Democratic nomination, would, of course, be vastly magnified if he were

exercising the appointive power of a Chief Magistrate. We have no doubt that Mr. Bryan, were he President, would control the votes of all Democratic Senators, except those who voted for the gold standard this year. As we have pointed out, however, his omnipotence within the lines of his own party would not suffice to effect the free coinage of silver, for a majority favorable to the project cannot be looked for in the Senate at any time during his term of office.

HOW CAN BRYAN'S FRIENDS FIGURE OUT A VICTORY?

THERE are expert mathematicians on both sides in this political campaign, those of Democratic predictions undertaking to prove with the returns for 1896 before them that Mr. Bryan has a bright prospect of election, while those who favor the Republican candidate essay the equally difficult task of proving, with the recent vote on the gold bill in the Senate before them, that we are in danger of seeing a silver majority in that body within the next four years. It has been said that figures can be made to prove anything, but we fail to see how they can be twisted so as to justify either of those conclusions. Let us look, first, somewhat closely at the data relating to the last Presidential election. Let us begin by recalling the fact that there will be this year 47 votes in the electoral colleges; consequently, 224 votes will be needed to elect the next President. Now there are fourteen States which voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896, and which may be relied upon with absolute confidence to vote for him this year. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia; they have, collectively, 136 votes. To these States may be added, with a close approach to certainty, the three votes of Idaho, the three votes of Utah, and the three votes of Nevada, which last-named State entirely depends on silver mining for subsistence; also, the eight votes of Nebraska, the local pride of which ought to assure its support to Mr. Bryan. We may say then that the Democratic candidate starts with 153 votes, to which he must add 71 in order to be successful. Where are the latter votes to be obtained? There are certain States which sober-minded Democrats do not even profess to have a chance of winning. These are Connecticut, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming; they have in the aggregate 162 votes. There are three other States which no Democrat, who is not a rainbow-chaser, believes that Mr. Bryan has a good chance of carrying this year; to wit, California, Illinois and New York, which have between them 69 votes. It will be observed that this computation already gives Mr. McKinley 231 votes, or 7 more than would be needed to elect him. It seems practically impossible, however, that Mr. McKinley should fail to receive more than 231 votes. Take Kansas, for instance; it gave Mr. Bryan four years ago a plurality of 12,269, but, in the elections for members of Congress in 1898, it showed itself preponderantly Republican. In South Dakota, where Mr. Bryan had in 1896 a plurality of 183, the Republicans acquired ascendancy two years ago. In Delaware, the Republicans are reasonably sure of victory, a fusion having been effected between the Adkins men and the Dupont Republicans. In Kentucky the balance of chances seems to favor Mr. Bryan, and the same thing may be said of Maryland and West Virginia, though with less confidence of the last-named State. In Washington, which gave Mr. Bryan a plurality of some 12,000 votes in 1896, the Republicans were successful two years ago by a majority of about 3,000. Four years ago, Mr. McKinley carried Indiana by upward of 18,000 votes, and, in view of that fact, he must be admitted to have a better chance of success in it next November than has Mr. Bryan, although, at the present hour, the State is said to be in doubt. Reviewing the list of doubtful States, it seems incredible that Mr. McKinley should not secure from them a good deal of support in addition to the 231 votes which we began by giving him. Of course, all calculations based on the returns of 1896 would be upset if Mr. Bryan should carry New York in the East or Illinois in the Middle West, for such unexpected victories would imply a revolution of public sentiment by which other States which we have placed in the McKinley column would be swept away. If the election took place to-morrow, we do not believe that the conquest of either New York or Illinois by Mr. Bryan would be within the bounds of possibility, even if one or both of those States should choose to vote Democratic. But, as we have often pointed out, a great deal may happen in the two months preceding election day.

1900 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON



THE NINTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY GOING INTO ACTION

THE TAKING OF TIEN-TSIN

By FREDERICK PALMER, Our Special Correspondent in China

TIEN-TSIN, CHINA, JULY 14

LAST NIGHT our men lay outside the walls of the native city, beaten; this morning we occupied the walls in a holiday procession without firing a shot. In other words, the Chinese did not realize that our position was worse than theirs. The price that we paid for the victory was the expenditure of a great deal of artillery ammunition; the sacrifice that we made was death and misery for the infantry in heat and slime. The loss of our own Ninth Infantry was the heaviest of all for numbers engaged, as you know. We Americans in Tien-tsin were as joyous when the big men in blue and khaki came swinging into the town, as we are heart-sick now that the casualties are counted. We had watched for the arrival of the Ninth very impatiently. Up to that time two thin companies of Marines under Major Waller were the meagre force that we had to represent the power and importance of the United States. Only the Austrians had less.

A HARD PROPOSITION FOR THE JAPS

Before they had had time to rest from their hard journey up the river on lighters, before they could settle down, or their Colonel become at all acquainted with the nature of the country or the methods of the enemy, they were sent into action. The object of the general attack was the native city, and the time yesterday morning. Under cover of the mud wall which surrounds both the native city and the European Concession, the Russians were to make a turning movement on the east, capturing the Tree Forts which had caused us so much trouble, while the composite force of 3000 Japanese, 800 British (Marines and Welsh Fusiliers), 900 Americans (Marines and two fragmentary battalions of the Ninth), 800 French, and some of the British-Chinese Wei-hai-Wei Regiment, were to make a swinging movement on the west. The Russians were not expected to get into the Walled City and the composite force was. The Japanese general promised the Russian general to have his flag flying in the native city by 11 A.M. Buller was not more in error when he said that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria. What the Tugela was to Buller a salty, mucky little canal was to Fukushima. What the kopjes were to Buller a Chinese wall, thirty feet in height, with a depth of two and a half feet of masonry as a facing of thirty feet of earth, was to Fukushima. There was no breach in this wall, and no hope of making one with artillery fire. Fukushima's plan of giving the infantry ingress was Japanese; it was dramatic. His Japanese engineers were to rush across the little bridge over the canal and blow up the South Gate with gun-cotton. But he neglected to find out if the bridge was still intact. It happened that it was not. If it had been, the Japanese engineers could not have crossed it under the withering fire which would have been poured upon them.

STARTING THE TROUBLE

Pandemonium began at daybreak. Every gun we had was turned on the native city. The naval guns were the bass notes and the field guns the high notes. The deep-throated French lyddites spoke from near the Concession itself; the field guns of shorter range further up the mud wall barked, cracked and banged with the comparative humbleness of firecrackers. My thoughts—and I think the thought of nearly every one—as I walked along the mud wall toward the West Arsenal, from which the infantry charge was to be made, were not so much with the destruction which we might or might not be doing with our shells, as with the infantry. When you see soldiers in open order in a field ducking, running forward, ducking—no matter if there are only a half-company of them—you forget the guns though there are ten batteries firing.

The West Arsenal we took, as I have already told you, five days ago by swinging around on the flat land to the south of the mud wall; and then we evacuated it. Yesterday we made the same swinging movement, and found no enemy on the plain. A road leading through the plain passes through a cove in the mud wall on to the South Gate of the stone wall which surrounds the native city. You must come by this mud; for whenever the Chinese builds a wall he also builds an unfordable moat on the outside of it.

When I came up to the gate in the mud wall my attention was first attracted by the three guns of the American Marines. They were in the mire at the side of the road beyond the moat. They were out of ammunition, and both the artillery and the Marines in the stone walls of the native city had found them so. Every puff the shells burst in the soft mud just beyond the moat, and just on one side of the struggling guns' crews, who, at the pulling noise or with their shoulders at the wheels, sweat and swore until they finally got them to the road, and then took them over the moat with a great final rush into safety behind the wall.

THE FIRST RUSH OF THE ALLIES

Then a sudden the field behind them seemed to blossom with men in open order. The Ninth, the British Marines, the Japanese—three or four thousand in all—had been under cover of the grass, and now they rushed forward toward the moat in open order, each line as it came up to the moat mak-

ing a left face and rushing to the road, and then over the bridge as quickly as men could go and keep their order. They were a great blue mark for the riflemen on the walls of the native city. They could not fire back through the wall over which the Mannlicher bullets were dropping. In ten minutes forty men were hit without the satisfaction of an answering shot at the enemy.

The result of this as they came rushing across the bridge was, and was bound to be, some confusion. Fukushima, the Japanese, or Dorwood, the British general, was not at the gate of the mud wall. A well-befuddled British staff officer, when he could be found, alone could reply to the questions of commanding officers. This little burst of casualties unnecessarily quickened the desire of everybody to "get in." With the mud wall between us and the enemy we could have waited as long as we pleased before striking. Colonel Liscum, who came across the bridge with his head up and giving orders coolly, did not know where his position was to be, or, at least, how he was to approach it. I heard him told by one British officer to go to the right of the road and by another to "get in" anywhere. While his command was passing he rested for a minute on a little mound by the gate, and Captain Noyes, his adjutant, sat down beside him. Noyes had been hit in the arm.

"Don't you think that you would better stay behind?" the Colonel asked him.

"Oh no, I'm all right," was the reply.

Then the Colonel, looking at the moat, asked of those standing about: "Is that fordable?"

It was not.

THE NINTH "GOES IN"

The question had little general interest then in the chaos of guns, horses, ammunition and soldiers of all nations eddying about the gate, with the Sikh Battery banging away from the crest of the mud wall over our heads and everybody shouting orders; but now it has a great deal. For the Ninth advanced, with the Colonel leading, until it found just such a canal between its line and the enemy, and the Colonel was scanning the barrier for some ford when he was killed. Two or three minutes afterward he disappeared with the line of the Ninth, rushing through the gate in a column of twos, while a company of Japanese, who had also misunderstood orders, were rushing in the other direction.

For an hour I paid no more attention to the Ninth. I only knew that they had "gone in." So far as I understood the tactical formation for the fight, the Ninth was not to play a very active part and were rather to act as support for the Japanese—this out of recognition of the condition of the men owing to their late arrival. My immediate object was to see the South Gate blown up and the infantry rush into the gap. That was to be the grand spectacular function of the day's programme as provided for us by the poetic and fearless Fukushima.

From the gate of the mud wall the South Gate of the native city is not visible. So I hurried westward along the cover of the mud wall, whose sky-line was being disturbed by an occasional shell and flicked by a good many bullets. I got out to a position where I could see the South Gate just as the American Marines and the Welsh Fusiliers, who were acting as a single command under Colonel Meade and Major Waller, sprang over the wall to the charge with the agility of so many jack-rabbits. This was about 7.30 A.M., according to my watch. At 6.45 the Ninth and the British Marines were crossing the bridge over the moat next to the mud wall. By 7 the Ninth was passing through the gate down the road under fire. So the breaking out of our line of infantry attack was not integral but fragmentary. The heavy fire on the Ninth doubtless diverted a good deal of fire from our Marines and the Fusiliers. They had even and partially dry ground for their advance, and they went toward the city wall in soldierly style, with the bullets spitting about their feet. When they came to the moat before the wall they had to stop just as they would have if there had been no moat. Even before this the fire had been heavy enough to make them veer to the right and to take cover wherever they could, without regard to formation. Finally, I saw the Marines in blue clusters hugging the protection of Chinese graves and keeping up an irregular fire. The Fusiliers were beside them, but they were in khaki and I could not distinguish them from the ground on which they were lying.

COVIES OF JAPS IN WAITING

Beside the road which runs from the gate of the mud wall to the South Gate of the native city there is a canal which has ten or twelve feet of water and two or three feet of ooze under that. Some of the Japs were on one side of this and some on the other. Those on the left were hidden in the grass or in open order. The others were huddled—their white caps and blue coats very distinct to the naked eye—as chickens under their mother's wings, behind the houses along the right of the road. No one went on the road itself. It was as bare of life as one leading to a Spanish hacienda on a midsummer's noonday. If now and then an ammunition mule stampeded, he and the man with it likely went down together. For an hour I watched in vain for any movement

of the Japs and their gun cotton toward the bridge. There behind the houses the Japs, and there behind the graves the American and British Marines and the Welsh Fusiliers, still held on to their cover for dear life. They no more thought of getting away from it than of feeling of a buzz-saw.

"I stuck my head up occasionally," said Major Waller, "just to have a look around. I did not keep it up long. If I had, the bullets which went spat-spat in the ground behind me might have hit their mark."

Now, so far as bullet-fire was concerned the Chinese riflemen were as "comfy" as if they had been at the Hague Peace Conference. They stood on the earth wall with the parapet of stone facing between them and us. Through the deep loopholes all along came flashes of fire and bursts of smoke as the lights of a harbor twinkle. They did not come in volleys or in pairs. Look wherever you would, you saw first one and then another breaking forth. Nor did they entirely neglect the mud wall, with the wounded and a few reserves behind it. Apparently, they were on the watch for human targets. If you showed yourself above the mud wall, the singing messenger which flicked up the dust not far away made you take a little more cover and think that "another intended for you" had missed its mark. Frequently something too small for a 1-pounder and too large for a bullet went over, with a sigh and a swish which suggested that its flight was acrobatic; and, dropping at a sharp angle, met the water of the moat with a great splash. This was a solid lead bullet almost an inch in calibre, manufactured in a Chinese arsenal. It is fired from an exaggerated rifle in the hands of two men. Gingall is the right name for the weapon, which was first brought to notice by Admiral Seymour's expedition. In the earliest days that they used gunpowder the Chinese had gingalls, and evidently have not lost confidence in them. The gingall's bullet will break a bone as if it were of paper.

AT THE MUD WALL GATE

Not long after we had thrown our line over the mud wall all observers were looking intently in another direction. In a minute the word had passed that the Chinese were going to attack on their own account. They were said to be coming out on our flank. Along the road leading from the West Gate, in a southwesterly direction from the native city, we could see banners, troops and officers on horseback moving. A few American Marines—all that we had left—were sent along "our side" of the mud wall to receive them if they attacked. Finally, this force came to a standstill on our flank. All day long we watched it, and wondered why it hung back, and how in the name of Heaven it did not see that it had only to attack, to pour a rifle-fire into the back of our men hugging the earth before the stone wall and unable to retreat under the heavy fire of the loopholes.

At nine, or shortly after, I was back at the gate of the mud wall. I wanted to hear about the Ninth, which I could not see at all in the field, owing to the houses along the road between the two gates. An old sergeant came staggering under the archway of the gate to the mud wall, with his arm in a bloody sling. He fell behind the cover of the wall in the manner of a man who has reached the goal in the race for life.

"I've been with the Ninth for seventeen years and it's the worst I've ever seen," he said. "San Juan was hot enough for a few minutes. This is just as hot, and it lasts."

At this moment Captain Fuller was forming his company of American Marines at the gateway. They were going out to the Ninth in response to Colonel Liscum's call for reinforcements. I recall a glimpse of a row of faces, so certainly American in their expression of intelligence and individuality, their sober and determined lines telling plainly enough that they realized the task before them and were not going to shirk it. They were waiting for the doctor. One, two, three minutes passed, and then the Captain said quietly: "We will have to go without him," and the line went through the gate at the double.

"There ain't no use," said the old sergeant. "It's only sending more men out to be killed. You can't swim a canal to take a stone wall thirty feet high. We've got to lay there till dark, and then get back the best we can."

There was nothing for us behind the big wall except to wait. We could see little, and the men actually in the firing line could see less. One after another the American wounded came in. There was not a tree within a thousand yards, and we busied ourselves in trying to make shelter for the wounded. A wounded Jap, although in intense pain, moved a little to share a patch of shadow a foot square with a wounded American. Beside them, flat on his back, was the jaunty little Japanese staff officer whom I knew, with his face a mass of blood from a gunshot wound. A mud hut, ten by twelve, was set aside by the Japanese Medical Corps for wounded officers, but it was soon full to overflowing.

THE BATTLE FROM THE REAR

If the battle is going against you, reports at the rear always make it worse than it is. We heard persistently three hours before he fell that Colonel Liscum and three officers who were never wounded at all had been hit. Shortly before noon Captain Bookmiller of the Ninth, on a litter borne by four pri-



THE NINTH REGIMENT



COL. LISCUM TALKING TO MAJOR REGAN, JUST BEFORE THE FORMER WAS KILLED AND THE LATTER WOUNDED



CROSSING THE BRIDGE



JAPANESE SOLDIERS AWAITING ORDERS TO ADVANCE



BEGGING FOR HIS LIFE



A MIXED GATHERING OF THE ALLIES BEFORE THE CHARGE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK FALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

AMERICAN MARINES ENJOYING A RESPITE

THE TAKING OF TIEN-TSIN—AND AFTER



THE NINTH INFANTRY



ON THE MUD WALL



MEN OF THE WELSH FUSILIERS

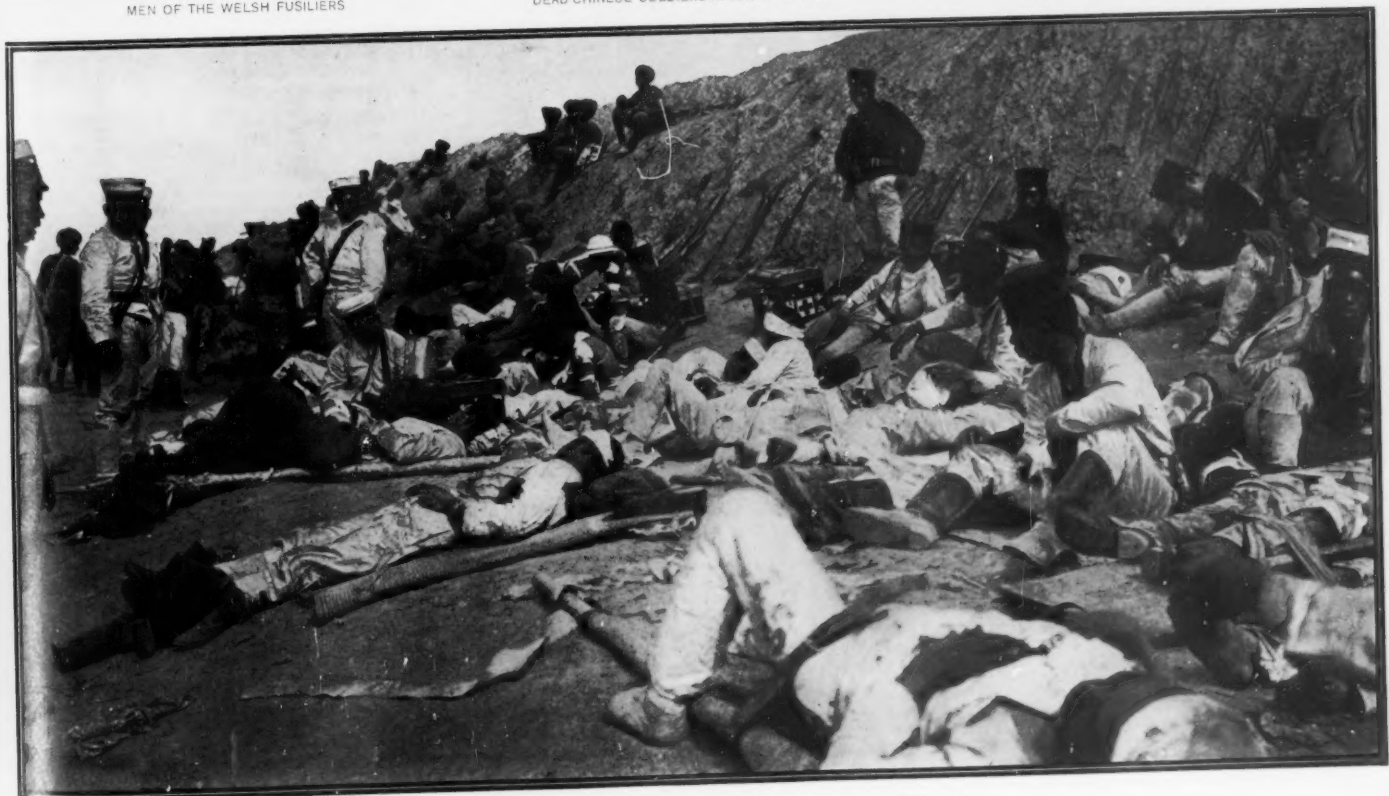
CAPTAIN BOOKMULLER, NINTH U. S. INFANTRY, WOUNDED, BEING PLACED IN A 'RICKSHAW'



DEAD CHINESE SOLDIERS IN THE NATIVE CITY



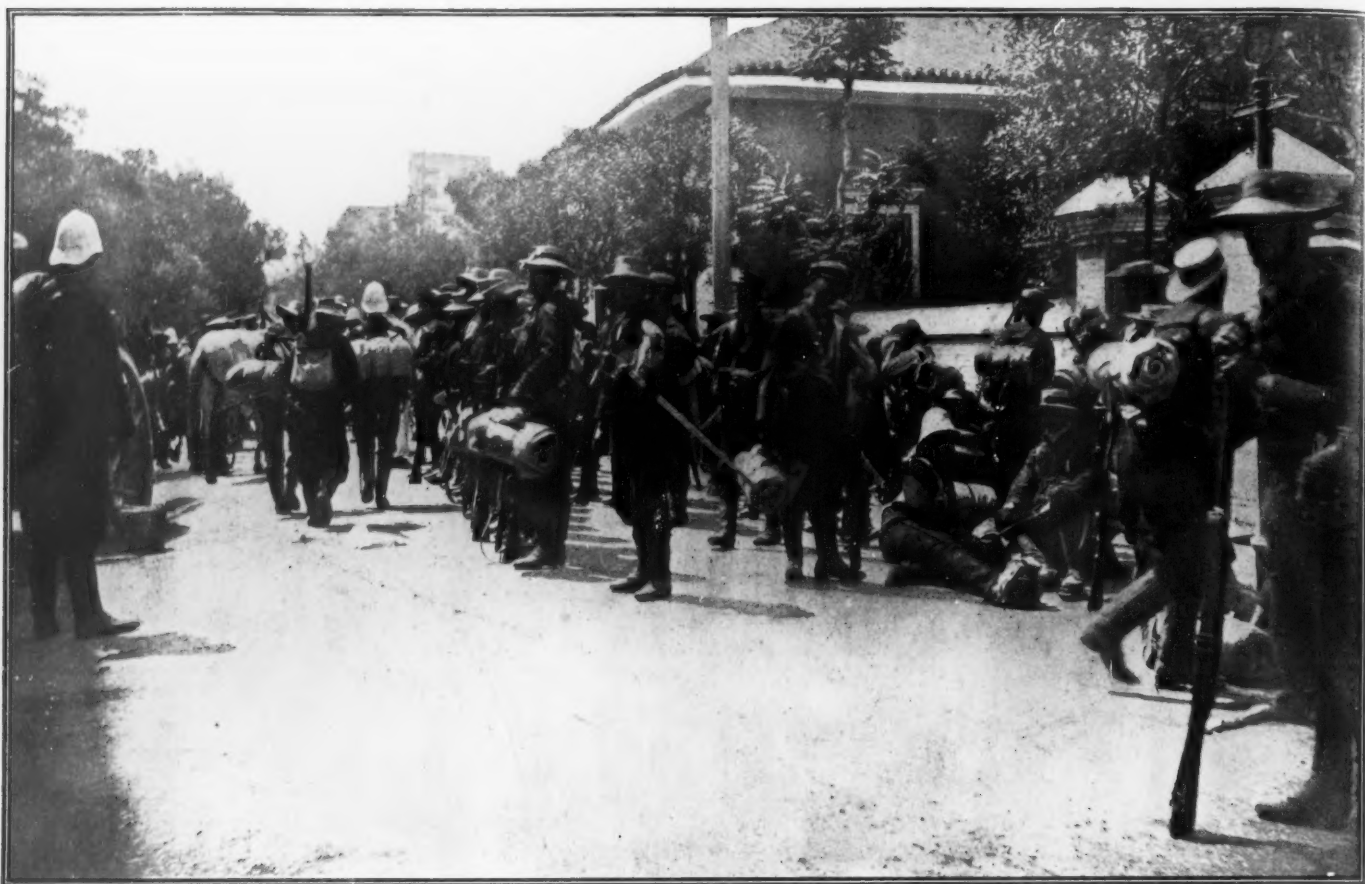
RESTING UNDER THE EMBANKMENT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

DEAD AND WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIERS UNDER COVER OF THE MUD WALL

THE TAKING OF TIEN-TSIN-AND AFTER



PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN—British bluejackets of Admiral Seymour's ill-fated expedition resting in Victoria Street, after the return to Tien-tsin

vates, was brought through the gate. He met the major-surgeon and his friends cheerily. When he was hit in the leg and fell he had tried to roll over to cover and was hit again through the other leg. We got him into a rickshaw. He must have suffered a torment of pain as we hitched the rickshaw along the rough hummocky path behind the wall back to town. Yet he smiled all the way.

"I am all right, upstairs," he said, "but downstairs I am not much good. All I ask is that you don't get me under fire again. When a man has been hit twice he is out of action and that is enough."

If there was any trace of bitterness in his remarks it was that natural to the West Point man. He had been hit after he was down. No West Point man can quite reconcile himself to that.

"Take him on the other side of the wall," called an officer who passed us.

"We shall be potted at by the snipers," was my reply. "Oh no," he replied. "There is a little scattering fire, but the better road is worth the risk."

"Is it?" I replied. "Then why don't you ride over there yourself?"

It was as hot as I had ever known it to be in the Philippines; I had had no sleep for two nights; the perspiration was trickling off my face as I struggled with uncertain footing to keep the rickshaw from slipping into the moat. Such are my excuses for bad temper when a stranger made a kindly suggestion.

A minute later a British midshipman came dashing by on a horse, his fine young face ruddy with excitement. "We are in the city!" he cried. "The General has sent me to tell the twelve-pounders to stop firing."

The Japanese general had sent a written statement to the effect that some of his troops were actually within the gate when they were not within three hundred yards of there and had not changed their position under cover for four hours. Fukushima has a large staff with writing-pads and field-glasses, but neither were of much use when all were under shelter and buildings obstructed their view of the gate. The Japanese fought the Chinese in '95 according to a kind of programme which they were always able to carry out. By the programme the Japanese ought to have been in the city. By simply stepping up on the wall, where I had a clear view of the South Gate and the wall of the native city, I was able to answer not only the question raised in my mind by the middy, but also that raised by the officer. Puffs of smoke were coming from the loopholes in the stone wall the same as usual; six bullets from houses not over five hundred yards away whizzed by me or struck at my feet. The gun crews of the twelve-pounders and the four-inch lyddites had an equally good view. When the middy brought the order a seaman said to himself, as he took a seat in the shade and filled his stump of a pipe:

"Young 'un, 'ooever told you that yarn was a bloomin' fool." The proof of the pudding was that the guns were booming again before we had reached the hospital with Captain Book-miller.

CHINESE "SNIPING" AT THE WOUNDED

In town, which was as hushed and as expectant as the nearest relatives awaiting the verdict of a consultation of surgeons, we got some word from the Russians, who had driven the Chinese back with heavy losses on both sides, but had not been as successful as they had hoped—they had not yet taken the Tree Forts, which were the key to the enemy's positions on the north.

"Ah, sir," was the quaint explanation of a Russian colonel, "those forts are too—too much! You just poke your head over the wall and they will fire shrapnel at you."

When I returned to the field the situation was the same as at 9 A.M. It was the same at dusk. How could it be different when our men could not retreat by daylight? Slaking their thirst with the salt water of the marshes in which they were lying, they waited for night or for orders which could not be taken to them under heavy fire. By one o'clock Major Lee had wisely sent back word that the commanding officer of the Ninth had concluded to risk the lives of no more men by sending the wounded in under the rain of bullets directed toward any figure or group of figures which appeared in the open. The Chinese riflemen were scanning the field for figures to rise out of the grass. A British doctor who went in with four litter bearers was hit in the arm, but nevertheless got his man. He was a picture of fatigue as well as of professional enthusiasm when he asked the General to allow him to return; and he said to the General's credit, he bade the young man to do what good he could under cover and leave the rest to others.

Both by rank and by the number of the troops he had engaged, Fukushima was the general of the day on our side of the railway. (On the other all is Russian.) The British brigadier-general, Dorwood, who shared his plans, acting for the British, American and French troops (nearly equalling in number the Japanese), was to co-operate with him. No one of the allies takes orders from any of the others—if we except Colonel Liscum, who seemed quite as ready to obey unquestioningly the English general's orders as he would those of Major-General MacArthur.

As for Dorwood: "He is very pleasant at a tea-party," said an English officer. "He is fond of planting trees. The War Office sent him to Wei-hai-Wei, where trees are much needed. He was the nearest general to the scene of action. You understand?"

He sat behind the mud wall. He did not know where the Japanese general was and the Japanese general did not know where he was. They sent messages to each other, which came back unanswered. Meanwhile, they were about three hundred yards apart.

"Of course, if the Russians have not succeeded, we shall have to withdraw, anyway," said General Dorwood, in the course of a discursive conversation. "It's a very pretty movement—this withdrawal under cover of darkness—when it is properly done. Perhaps you might find out where General Fukushima is if you were to ask some of the Japanese doctors. No, they will not speak English. I think that I will write a note to the American commanding officer for information."

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE NINTH

Darkness brought some relief, some cessation in the firing; and it brought Noyes. The adjutant of the Ninth, after receiving his second (and serious) wound, had crawled in from the front by one of the canals, hugging its bank for cover. The first aid dressing around his leg was as dark as his torn trousers with mud and slime. In the clear and definite language of tense nerves, as he sat on the bank with a map between him and the British general (who was on his knees), he outlined clearly the American position and also added to that very incomplete map some features which most unfortunately it had not possessed.

Before I hurried off with a cablegram to catch a launch to Tongku I heard the General speak of the withdrawal of the Ninth, and, I thought, of his whole force. A member of his staff said, however, that the others were to remain. The Japanese general had another gigantic dramatic conception. With field pieces during the night he was going to breach the wall which lyddite shells could not breach.

After my cablegram was written I spent a few minutes in the building known to us as the American hospital. Poor

Leonard of the Marines was quite out of his head as the result of the reaction, and Noyes was not far from it. Leonard, a big, fine American boy, was perhaps the most popular officer in the Concession. I had met him coming in in the afternoon. The bone of his arm had been shattered by a girdling bullet. He was then refusing to lean on any one as he walked along the path outside the mud wall and trying to be very high-spirited. Dr. Norton, of the Marines, in undershirt and trousers, was alone among a hundred wounded. While a "finished" patient was being taken off the operating table and an unattended one being put on he busied himself by going from cot to cot examining this and that bandage of a bad wound.

At ten o'clock I started back to the field. Food and ammunition and empty carts and litters for the wounded were going in one direction and the wounded in the other. It was apparent that the Ninth was returning. Big men in blue and khaki who went out fresh in the morning came dragging their steps with a first aid bandage showing white somewhere on their bodies. What remained of the famous 426 who were not wounded or carrying wounded came in command of Major Lee in single file. He was not too tired to pass a word.

"The position was untenable," he said. "I brought them off with the loss of one man killed."

THE DEAD AND THE SLEEPING

At one point, as I had frequently done, I stepped to one side to allow a litter borne by four men to pass. By the faint moonlight I recognized the features of the Colonel. His face was peaceful, almost smiling. Major Waller's men, who had also come in, were lying in line near the gate. Such was their fatigue that they were as motionless and quiet as a line of dead of various nationalities near by. The Major had been sent to guard the rear. He pointed to some lights moving about at a distance and suggested that if that meant an attack his night's work was well cut out for him. The lights only represented the Boxers or some other force of the enemy protecting the enemy's own retreat after all.

Major Waller might fight if he chose. For my part, I went to my house in town to snatch a little sleep. This I did so successfully that I slept all of four hours. When I awoke I was told that our troops had walked into the native city, the Chinese having evacuated it early in the night.

The European Concession felt as if it had been born again. "They won't fire any more shells into our back door," I thought, for my part, "and I will ride out and have a look at Chinese Tien-tsin."

TIENTSIN, JUNE 14, EVENING

HOW TAME the occupation of the capital of an emigrant Dutch farming population beside the occupation of a walled city of four hundred thousand Chinese! You could imagine what Bloemfontein would be like. You could never imagine what Tien-tsin would be like. After two weeks in the European Concession, and knowing something of China, I thought that I had beforehand some idea of what I was to witness. I had none.

WAS KIPLING'S "ORTHERIS" A JAP?

Take their rifles away from the Japanese, forget the presence of the other foreign soldiers, and you were carried back two thousand years to the moment when a great Asiatic population expected to fall under a Roman or a Macedonian sword. Caesar's legions were composed of small, compactly built, brown men, and I was continually putting the Japs in place of the Romans.

The Japs had the sword—but they kept it sheathed. After being at bay for a day under a terrible rifle fire, I lay in marshes and drinking salt water under a sun which was



THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN—A convoy, with naval guns in the famous Tien-tsin pony-carts, proceeding down Victoria Street in the British Settlement

worse than any that ever fell on Broadway in July or August, it was to be expected that they would shake that thirst for massacre which is supposed to be a part of their Oriental nature. They did nothing of the kind. They lounged on the walls, ate the melons and cakes and sucked the ice which the natives brought to them. When Chinese inhabitants, whether rich merchants or coolies, fell down and knocked their heads on the earth in Chinese "kotows," the little Jap, with his hands in his pockets and a "rickshaw man's swagger," smiled at them as much as to say: "Isn't that funny?" and then walked away in search of more melons.

Just say "Nippon" to him and he shows his white teeth in a grin from ear to ear and swells out his breast like a pouter pigeon. His patriotism is equal to his pride, and both are boundless and magnificent. Say "Russian" to him, and he will stroke his ride and look as if he were already drawing a bead on the white tunic of a Cossack. As an American or an Englishman he regards you as his great friend who is going to assist him to keep the Bear's claws off his well-earned Korea. He is a unit in all things; and he goes into action at the double-quick with the mechanical regularity of the bobbing of the forks of a hay tedder.

SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD

As I came along the road leading from the gate of the mud wall (which surrounds both the Concession and the native city) to the South Gate of the native city, where bullets were singing with the persistency of locusts yesterday, I remarked to myself that this was the first time in two weeks when I could not hear the sound of firing. Parties of Japanese detailed to search for dead in the marshes had a dozen bodies already gathered on boats which they were paddling along the canal beside the road. Those who fell on the road or where they had sought cover behind the mud houses had been carried off the night before.

The Japanese killed must run up to 60 or 70, the wounded to 300. If he could not blow up the South Gate, as he had planned, the Japanese general, nevertheless, never thought of going back. His magnificent little soldiers endured the continuous fire of ten hours without flinching and had their reward when the Chinese, who did not consider that we as well as they might have losses, ran away and left us to enter the city unopposed.

In the marshes on the right of the road American details were engaged in the same sad work as the Japanese details. The rifles and the knapsacks of the cold forms in blue and khaki which had been found were being carried off in "rickshaws" while the dead themselves were sent on litters. Two of the fallen were shot through the head as they were firing from cover. One was lying with both hands grasping his rifle in the attitude of aiming, his head upon his hands. The rifles which went into the fight so clean and bright yesterday were thick with rust from the salt water and their barrels filled with slime. The dead themselves were as muddy as if they had been dragged through a dozen puddles, for they clunged through mud and they lay in mud for cover.

It was some satisfaction to look from the scene of Colonel Liscow's death toward the walls and see that the flag which he had in his hand as he fell was now floating over the South Gate, bearing the price label of victory—at half mast out of respect to his memory.

The South Gate is as badly battered as the wounded of the North. The entrance to it was choked with the goings and comings of the soldiers of four nations. The ammunition train of the Japs was just returning as I entered. With it was mixed a few picturesque elements. A British officer, sweaty and dirty, passed me with a morning smile of victory from a tired face.

"Tien-tsin is a great fur market," he said.

He had three "rickshaws" and seven or eight coolies loaded down with sable, seal, mink and Tibetan lambs' wool, which is better adorning an English woman than feeding the flames. After him came an American marine and a Welsh fusilier—ever bosom friends—astride two little donkeys, with harnesses gay enough for a mandarin's stables; then some captured Chinese soldiers with their pigtailed tied together; the Japanese general, Fukushima, very proud, very erect; two or three sauntering Japanese officers and engineers; a European clerk with more silks than he could carry; Chinese surprised to find themselves alive alternately "kotowing" and crowding.

AN IMPREGNABLE WALL

When the continuous shelling of the European Concession by the Chinese guns in position in the native city forced us, regardless of property rights, to reply in kind, we could see through our glasses the British lyddites and twelve-pounders knocking out columns of dust from the pagoda. Yesterday morning, as I have told you, the lyddites as well as the twelve-pounders, the little field guns of the Japs, the big field guns of the British Sikhs and the American marines all hammered away till their ammunition was gone. And yet with all that pounding the walls of that gate are still standing. Its interior was set on fire, making it too hot for us to enter, too hot for the Chinese to remain; its top walls have been battered into dust and fragments, but below the level of the main wall the stone and brick structure is still as solid as the arch of a Roman bridge.

What is called the South Gate is really the South Gates. You enter one side of the square interior area of the pagoda and pass out of the other, so that a force getting through the first gate would be in a trap until they got through the second, and each of these narrow archways is twenty feet of masonry. Standing against the wall of one were a dozen of the gilded standards of the Chinese troops and Boxers and as many gingualls.

And the great wall itself? I was surprised at how little damage our shells had done to it. Field guns against its masonry were as popguns. The facing is two and a half to three feet of masonry. Back of that is thirty feet of earth, which is the best "stopper" of modern fire of all kinds, with the exception of sand. The facing rises above the earth more than the height of a man's head. In this were loopholes with a most fortunate angle for defence against troops on the plain, behind which the Chinese riflemen stood firing at the soldiers of the Powers. If a lyddite shell hit the parapet it burst through, but so far as I could judge the twelve-pounders did not. Those experts who thought that the British navy had been "sold" when it bought lyddite were as sadly mistaken as any man who ever begot a theory or wrote a magazine article. Deliver me from shell-fire! But, O Lord, above all, deliver me from lyddite shell-fire!

HAVOC OF LYDDITE SHELLS

Wherever a lyddite shell bursts you may look for dead within a range of twenty yards. It killed the Chinese soldiers and rolled them over by concussion down the ruts worn by the water of rainfalls to the street, where they lay in a pile even as the debris from a runaway on a mountain-side. If the shell carried over the wall into the town—now we know why Admiral Seymour hesitated so long to throw shells into Tien-tsin, though we were suffering shell-fire in the Concession while the Viceroy was blandly conducting business in his Yamen in the native city as usual—and burst in a mud-house, you found the members of the family piled one on top of the other, slaughtered in a flash. Though the dead be Chinese, and there was a rifle and plenty of cartridges near at hand, the white man shudders at such a sight, especially if, as I found

in one house, he sees one member of the family with his jaws and nose shot off but still breathing in bloody bubbles from his gullet.

At 2 A.M., when our troops first entered the city—by our troops I mean troops of the allies, the Japanese—the city was as silent as a medieval town between the sentry's calls, "All's well!" The soldiers had gone. Those of the population who had been warned, and had any place to go, and who were not paralyzed with fear, had gone. These were comparatively few. The rest bolted their doors against the power of an army—even as the French peasants did in 1870-71—and waited for what the morrow would bring forth. The Chinese found in the street ran, if his legs were strong enough to carry him. Otherwise, he fell down, his forehead in the dust, wailing his innocence of all crimes against foreign devils. With the breaking open of houses in the immediate vicinity of the wall, by the very proper order of the Japanese general, and the destruction of guns and ammunition in them, the inhabitants, finding we were so weak—for that is how they construe it—as not to kill them, went forth with "kotows" and offerings of cakes, melons or whatever they had. They swarmed up the old steps to the pagodas on the wall, which are as worn as those to the Parthenon, with food in one hand and a white flag in the other, and begged for passes from the soldiers. The soldiers ate the cakes, except the Americans and the British, who stuck hygienically to their hardtack, and grasped the situation in a manner worthy of men who fight with humor in their hearts.

LOOTING THE CITY

Every private blossomed forth into a full-fledged provost-marshal. He wrote passes in whatever his language was, and—especially the Americans—was a little embarrassed when the natives "kotowed" in thanks. These first Chinese to break out of their houses were deserving of a Chinese Victoria Cross for a kind of Chinese bravery. From their standpoint it was a most ticklish thing to do. By one o'clock the shops in the main street leading from the North to the South Gate were well on fire. While the soldiers rested on the walls and enjoyed the Neronian spectacle, two lines of Chinese, one instinctively taking one side of the street and one the other, were following, with the Chinese disregard of danger when in pursuit of gain, the true Chinese bent. The line with their arms full of merchandise were coming from the looting of the shops; the line with empty hands were going. If a foreign officer saw a pair of arms full of silks, he might take possession of them if he chose.

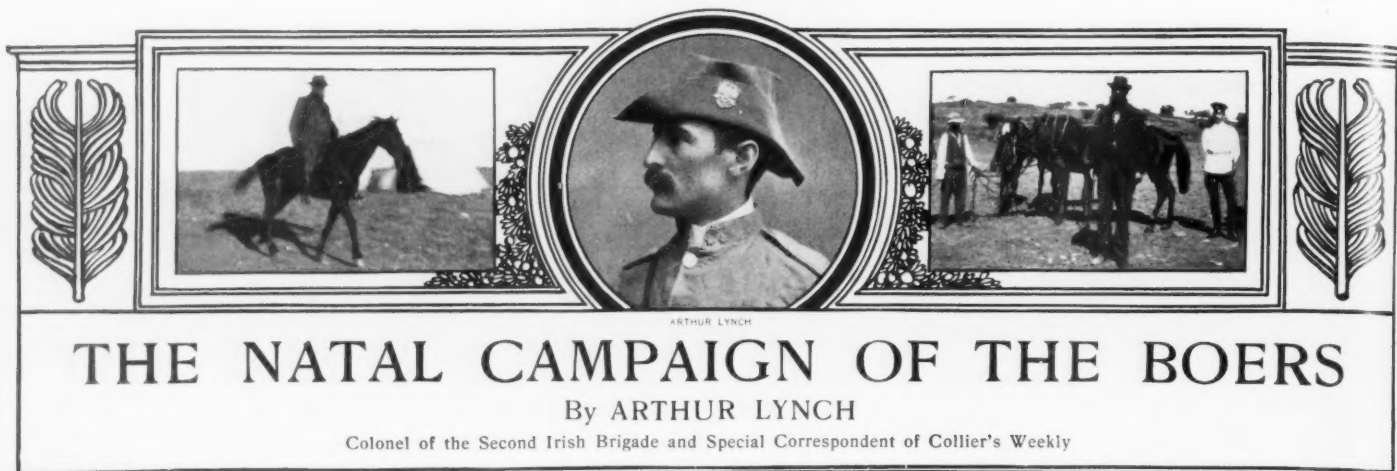
The filth of it! The filth of it! This expression unconsciously escaped from your lips. The spectacle was never sufficient to drown entirely thoughts of disinfectants and a bath-tub. Even from the walls the odor of three thousand years of compressed sewage came to your nostrils. Native Tien-tsin, with its dense population, has no drainage. The hogs wallowing in its stinking pools are its scavengers. Tommy Atkins and Johnny Yank of our Marines, sitting side by side and calling Major Waller a great man, turned up their noses.

"So 'elp me Gawd, it's awful!" said Tommy.

"Well, damme, you have to smell it to believe it," said the Yank.

Both wiped their hardtack with their coat-sleeves as if they feared that odor might crawl.

But—I am exceeding my space: and the battle took place yesterday. I cannot tell you how much I regret that the French Marines had this native swine as well as pigeons for the banquet which a Frenchman can make under any conditions, and how happy we all are that the Japanese flag flies over the East Gate, the French over the West, the British over the North and the American over the South.



A BALMY NIGHT in May, I sat in my tent—my laager being then a few miles south of Glencoe—and through the open awning I looked on the orderly row of the men's tents in front of me. It was about nine o'clock, but all was still in camp. The men, accustomed to rise early, found no difficulty in courting slumber at that exemplary hour, and there was nothing to be seen stirring outside except the sentries keeping guard on the laager and the long lines of picketed horses. Major Mitchell and myself sat on our beds—for we were luxuriously fitted up at Glencoe; we had stretchers and rugs—and ruminated gravely on the mutability of things as we gazed upon the placid face of Nature extended to our view. We had just finished our supper, of which the staple was a very excellent steak (for we had oxen always accompanying the camp), and the only liquid the chocolate-colored and mysteriously compounded coffee which is the national drink of the Boers. Major Mitchell was smoking contentedly, while on my bed were purring a couple of tabby kittens, which had come to us I know not whence, and which gave the last touch to our picture of comfort and calm.

Our "positions" were some miles distant from our laager, and overlooked the road from Waschbank to Glencoe. The positions consisted simply of a low spur from the Biggarsberg range, which ran to within a couple of hundred yards of the road, and on the ridge of which had been cut a narrow trench about three feet deep. At ordinary times I posted at the positions only a "brandwacht," or outlying picket, which could give the alert in time in case the English should approach. Moreover, from one or other of the commandoes along the range there was always a patrol or a scouting party keeping watch on the movements of the enemy. Each commando had its own positions to account for along the entire range, and hence it was that our laager could repose so peacefully, and that with no sense of insecurity we could encamp within easy distance of our commissariat base, and so save our horses and men as much as possible from the rigors of the campaign until the hour of action had sounded.

A GERMAN STRATEGIST

Major Mitchell was reloading his pipe with the tobacco supplied to us by the government, and called by the Boers "Maxim" tobacco, because it used to fire off so quickly, when there appeared at the entrance to our tent a florid German with blond beard, whom I recognized to be one of the officers of the German corps at Helpmakaar.

He had come, he said, to ask me to bring my brigade to Helpmakaar. I was a little astonished at this request, and I asked him what was the matter. His reply was remarkable, for he gave a clear and fairly detailed account of what was afterward exactly verified by the course of events.

"Along this whole Biggarsberg," he said, "Helpmakaar is our weak spot. The English may demonstrate on the Waschbank line, but we can hold them there. At Helpmakaar we have a Boer commando, the Piet Relief men, and ourselves. The Piet Relief commandant is a coward, and so are his men. The first shock will fall on them, and they will run away. Then there will be only ourselves left to defend the pass, and we will naturally run away too. If the Piet Relief men stayed we could fight, but not otherwise. We want you to come and take the place of the Piet Relievers."

I was somewhat amused at the manner in which my German friend General Lucas Meyer, in coolly proposing that I should forthwith betake myself to Helpmakaar. It was a weakness of the Boer generals not to keep a tight enough hand upon the commandoes, and the same weakness was found within the commandoes themselves, where those of the burghers who had "no stomach for the fight" invariably left it to their comrades to take all the hard knocks.

I therefore told the German that it was his duty to go forthwith to General Lucas Meyer and lay the case before him, and I took leave of him without having been able to offer him the customary "nip" of whiskey which up to that period had been part of the hospitality of my laager. Luxuries were getting a little short in Natal.

General Lucas Meyer, I heard subsequently, sent a commission of two—Commandant Ben Viljoen and Commandant Christian Botha, brother of Commandant General Louis Botha—to investigate the situation at Helpmakaar. Their report corresponded with what had been told me, but nothing in the way of remedy was done. This neglect on the part of our commanding general was really inexcusable, and it was the subject of a hot verbal encounter between him and Ben Viljoen at a subsequent war council, which we held at Charlestown after we had been forced to retire to Laing's Nek.

MORALE OF THE BOERS

In order to have a clear idea of the course of events in the Natal campaign it is necessary to understand how the loss of a single position often necessarily involved the retreat of the whole force, and how consequently the fate of an army might depend upon the courage of a commando of three hundred men. The Biggarsberg range, for instance, stretched as a barrier throughout the breadth of Natal. On the south side the hills ended rather abruptly in various spurs, overlooking a band of fairly level country, which extended down to near

Ladysmith. On the north the hills sloped into the higher flat country, reaching away toward Majuba. It would be impossible for an army to scale the heights of the Biggarsberg in face of our opposition, and there were but three roads, or passes, along which the enemy could traverse the range. Once through either of these passes, however, the English would find themselves on tolerably level country in which they could manœuvre with ease, and they would be able either to take us in the rear, or, by simply securing possession of the railway running from the north to Glencoe, cut off our supplies and force us to attack them in their own chosen positions. We could not face such a contingency, and hence it happened that the loss of a pass meant to us a retreat right along the line, until we should arrive at other positions from which we could hold back the advance of the enemy. Thus from Glencoe we had been forced back to Biggarsberg before we could make an effective stand; from Biggarsberg we should have to retire to Laing's Nek, and if we could not hold that we were "lost cats," so far as the protection of Pretoria from the south was concerned. And Helpmakaar depended on the three or four hundred men of ill-omened Piet Relief!

Pretoria, the Transvaal, South Africa, the history of the world depended on that!

For a fortnight we had not taken off our boots. There were wars and rumors of wars, excursions, and alarms. The English were reported as coming up toward Waschbank in force. We went out to meet them, but they had disappeared. Our scouts, often unconscionable rascals, who spent their time stealing horses, would bring us in some exaggerated story. We would act in consequence, only to find the report contradicted by more reliable scouts. The English did not seem to make use of scouts or patrols, while our patrols were so numerous that we occasionally fired on each other by mistake. Why was Buller waiting? He should have followed us up without a halt from the relief of Ladysmith, and now weeks had gone by. We were exasperated at his dilatoriness. Once we had gone down to attack him in his camp at Elands-laagte, and we had driven him out, and forced him to break up his laager and move down again further south. Had General Erasmus done his duty that day he would have taken the English on their flank during their confusion, and we could have pinned Buller in Ladysmith. But it was the same Erasmus who had failed to stop Yule in his headlong flight from Dundee, and whose want of grit had prevented the success of the attack on a position, whence we could have shelled Ladysmith to pieces. We were exasperated with delay, and while we commandants were prone to criticize our generals, the men too were beginning to get out of hand.

A DEPLORABLE LACK OF DISCIPLINE

They looted where they could. They stole horses from the veldt. They were beginning to steal horses from other commandoes. They scoured the country for whiskey, and when they found it—abominably bad whiskey—they paid a sovereign a bottle, and got uproariously drunk. The system of the Boers of allowing a large percentage of the men home on leave was also a terrible business and one of the causes of our disasters. The looting was another cause, for at the slightest alert each man who had a wagon became anxious to remove it to a place of security; and once the trekking of the wagons had started it was impossible to get the burghers to stay. The horse-stealing, general looting, and the drink nuisance I put down with a firm hand. Stopping the leave was met with threats of desertion. More than once I had to draw my revolver and threaten to shoot the offender before I could cope with this nuisance. The inferiority of our generals was chronic.

A despatch rider galloped into the laager, and all the men were agog. He handed me a big blue envelope containing the superscription in Dutch, for which the nearest English translation—"The noble, austere Colonel Lynch"—is but a weak and flaccid equivalent. The letter was from General Lucas Meyer, and showed great condescension on his part, for it would have been more in order, and perfectly polite, from a superior officer, to have omitted the title "austere." That encouraging word, I thought, had the odor of battle. The letter contained the order to proceed immediately with all my force, except the "foot-sloggers," as they were popularly called, to Helpmakaar.

The distance to Helpmakaar by the best route was about thirty miles, but there was no advantage in covering this long stretch at a forced speed. The Boer system is to walk their horses as much as possible, until such time as they are actually required to make speed. Then they gallop. At the head of the column they place horses which have either a very fast walk or the gait known down there as "tripling." Tripling is a kind of pacing action, in which the horse is as easy to sit as in walking, but which also produces a speed of five, six, or even seven miles an hour, with much less stress to the horse than in trotting.

At Helpmakaar, whither we took up our march on receipt of my order, I saw hosts of our commandoes in position under cover of a low ridge of ground, and in force enough—between

two and three thousand—to keep an army at bay. Yet all was lost. They had arrived too late. They could not force the English again through the pass. We held a war council, General Lucas Meyer presided, and all the commandants attended. It was decided to retreat, and there was but one stopping-place, and that was Laing's Nek.

THE RETREAT

That journey to Glencoe I shall never forget. I had sent a messenger back to the laager to order the tents to be struck and the wagons to be loaded, and when I returned about nightfall all was in readiness; all was in haste, for already we were expecting the English to come up also by Waschbank, and the sound of fighting was heard on the other side of the hill. We burned the grass as we went. The flames raced and roared along the dry veldt, and our caravan wended its way on the narrow road, lighted up by the ocean of fire on both sides, while the volumes of smoke filled the air. It was a picture of Inferno itself. Seventy-two hours from my original start from Glencoe I arrived at Charlestown, and in that three days I had had but four hours for sleep, while I had actually sat in the saddle the greater part of the time.

The English, who had been following us up with remarkable speed, soon saw the cannon escaping. They sent powerful bodies of Lancers and mounted infantry in pursuit. The situation was critical.

I called my brigade. A good few of the men came at once. Others galloped off, swearing or laughing. "Why should they fight," they grumbled or yelled, "while the burghers were making off as fast as they could? Let the burghers stand, and they, too, would stand to the last!"

It was a terrible argument. One of my sergeants, a daring and desperate fellow, mocked at the men, insulted them, called them cowards. They turned round upon him, furious. They would like to rend him to pieces. "Cowards!" They were no cowards! They had more pluck than he! They swore in their wrath. They followed him, telling him they would show him who was the coward; they would teach him with whom he was dealing. They came to the hill. That was all that we wanted. They grasped their rifles and bounded up the rocks to the front.

Captain Ricchiardi of the Italian Scouts had joined us, a tall, handsome, black-bearded, powerful young man, a beau ideal chief of irregular horse. General Meyer exhorted the men who rode by, called on them, ordered them to stand. They rode silently on. Ricchiardi galloped among them, entreating them to turn back; he threatened them with his revolver; he seized the reins of their horses. It had no effect. The burghers rode silently on. A few men came back, then more; and at length we had a fair number. The men who stayed were from the commandoes of Johannesburg, Boksburg, Carolina and Zoutpansburg, and these were all very fine fellows.

The English were rapidly approaching. Their numbers were so great that I felt not at all assured as to the final result, especially as my own men, having taken cover, seemed, most of them, to have vanished into the earth. One of my sergeants stalked by, a young Afrikaner who had fought to the last at the famous first combat of Elands-laagte. He was a quiet and taciturn man, but in the face of danger he became animated and brilliant.

A BRUSH WITH THE ENGLISH

"It's all right, Colonel," he cried, as he selected his rock; "we can hold out here against a whole army!"

Brave words, indeed. My Afrikaners were giants in battle.

I was gazing at the road some fifty yards off, into which I expected every moment to see the Lancers or Carabiniers sweep. The moment was anxious. My secretary arrived by my side. He was a doctor of philosophy, a middle-aged foggy, very shortsighted, a bad horseman and a worse shot, and the mildest-mannered man who ever served as trooper. For he had a mania to follow me as trooper, and his mind was as lofty as that of a knight of romance. In his right hand he carried his rifle, and in his left a canvas bag. "Colonel!" he called.

I turned round. "Would you like a biscuit, Colonel?" he said, and he showed me that the canvas bag was full of that staple provision. I took his biscuit, shaking with laughter.

"Thunder of heaven!" I cried. And veritably the heavens seemed bursting with thunder, and the air crashed as with the cracking of whips and with the yelping and barking of demon-like dogs. It was our rifles. We had fired too soon. We had not calmly awaited the psychological moment to pour in our lead. I called loudly to my men, and we ran forward to the front.

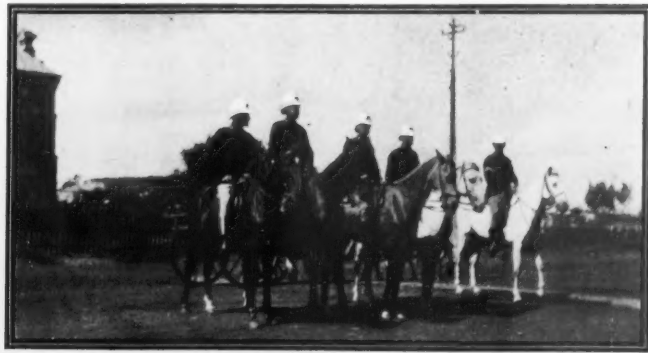
Meanwhile we had given the guns a good chance of escape. Already we had done our duty. A great number of the men left the hill, quietly, silently. They mounted their horses and galloped away. In traversing the hill they had set fire to a belt of dry grass, which burned rapidly, and by its smoke hid their flight from the view of the English.

I wanted to see what the enemy would do. I waited on the hill. I saw them re-forming. I saw them come into regular

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD C. HILLEGAS



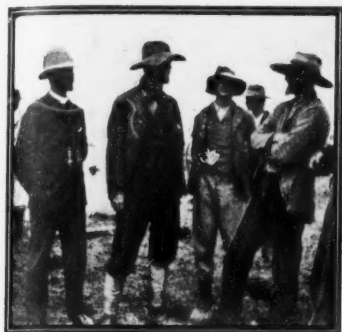
DYNAMITERS WITH THE BOERS



PERSONAL BODYGUARD OF PRESIDENT KRUGER, TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC



BOER DESPATCH RIDERS



THE REV. MR. SNYMAN (ON THE LEFT) OF DEWET'S COMMANDO



BOERS MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION IN THE BATTLE OF WEPENER



DEWET'S MAXIM, CAPTURED DURING THE JAMESON RAID

order as if on the parade ground. Their artillery was brought up, also, with remarkable speed. Already it was playing on the hill, and the balls were also striking thick near to where our horses were standing. Afrianders, however, choose cover most cleverly. The shells, fired high enough to avoid the brow of the hill, must inevitably pass clear of our horses.

But the shells frightened the men. Those who had endured the terrific bombardment of Modder Spruit, and who had clung to their positions on the Tugela for weeks under the shells, turned tail when the first projectile came singing along. They were not particularly afraid of the shells, but it meant that the English were coming on fast, that time was an object.

The cavalry formation broke up; the horsemen were advancing again at a gallop. But they had learned a lesson. They dismounted, leaving their horses under cover, and, judging by their firing, they were employing much the same kind of tactics as we would have followed. They were probably the Natal Carbineers, and therefore of the same stamp as the men we had on the hill. They killed some of us. We were not many, and each one was watching his neighbor, ready to leave. We left at last. There was now nothing to do but to get away. We got away at a run. The horsemen now chased us. They came up the slopes of the hill at great

speed, hopping over the rocks, as one of my men said, "like rabbits."

"SAUVE QUI PEUT!"

It was a case with us now of each man for himself. I was a little alarmed to find how far up to the front we had got, how far from our horses. The blazing zone caused by the grass fire intercepted our path. But the English were upon us, yelling like demons. We bounded across the flaming belt, springing from rock to rock. At length, almost exhausted with running, I reached the place where the horses were standing. Only a few of them were left. Some of these belonged to a small group of French officers who had joined my brigade. One of these officers had arrived and was holding the horses of his comrades. I told him that there was a good chance of our being shot or of being taken prisoners if the English should come round the bend of the road. Why they did not I do not know. Perhaps they feared another surprise. My trencherman quietly said he would wait for his friends. My horse, and that of Major Mitchell, was held by a young boy, not more than fifteen, although he was as big as a man, and who might have been excused if he had mounted his own horse and galloped away. He sat there on a

rock, stolid and brave, though he looked glad when he saw me. I got into the saddle. I was eager to be out of the place. The shells were singing their flutelike music over my head. The bullets were buzzing like a swarm of bees. The column of smoke between us and the enemy was probably the cause of their missing the mark. I was very impatient. At length I perceived my major turning the corner. He had lost his way. He believed that the horses were gone. He was completely exhausted. I called out. He plucked up again and came running forward. He mounted his horse. The boy sprang on his, and in an instant we were off at a gallop.

Such are the veritable characteristics of the fighting during the later part of the South African war. It differs much from the pomp and panoply of battle, but it is even more difficult than the heroics of the shock of embattled hosts. It is the kind of war which the Boers are carrying on now, and it will illustrate their system of fighting. It also brings out clearly what to me seem to be the three cardinal lessons of the entire campaign: the necessity of fighting in skirmishing order, the extreme importance of bringing rifle-fire to the highest pitch of efficiency, and the increasing value—and not, as certain military theorists have argued, the diminishing value—of the courage of the individual soldier.



GENERAL MEYER IN ACTION AT ERSTE FABRIEKEN



CONSULTATION OF BOER COMMANDANTS ON THE VELDT



A 13-YEAR-OLD BOER SOLDIER



COMMANDO OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL CHRISTIAN DEWET READY TO TREK INTO THE ORANGE FREE STATE

THE NATAL CAMPAIGN, FROM THE BOER SIDE

COPYRIGHT 1905 IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN BY E. W. HORNUNG



"TO WILLIAM ARUNDELL BATEMAN-COKE, ESQ., TUGGENBOONAH STATION, . . . NEW SOUTH WALES"

TUGGENBOONAH BILL

By E. W. HORNUNG, Author of "The Amateur Cracksman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAX F. KLEPPER



HE WAS ENTERED on the station books as William Coke. The name became memorable as the only one to be transferred to the new set of books when Tuggenboonah changed hands, with eighty thousand sheep and close upon three hundred miles of wire fencing. Thereafter it was all but dropped for Tuggenboonah Bill, and it is by the uncouth sobriquet that he who earned it is best remembered in that district to this day.

The purchaser of Tuggenboonah was a Victorian squatter, hitherto in a small way, but with lifelong hankerings after the vast paddocks and stupendous flocks of the far famed Riverina. A timely windfall had enabled John Crowther to gratify this ambition at a moment when he was in peculiar need of a new object in life; the Victorian station was entrusted to a manager; and Crowther himself proceeded personally to mismanage his new possessions, assisted by the pick of his former staff, who, like their chief, had learned their business in another school. This is no place for a disquisition upon the manifold difference between a Victorian station and one in the Riverina district of New South Wales; suffice it that these men were as the officers of a sailing ship, transported from their accustomed poop to a steamer's bridge. They knew a good deal about it, but not enough, and experience alone would make good the deficiency. It was in these circumstances that William Coke became Tuggenboonah Bill, their right hand man, the man who knew exactly how many sheep each paddock would carry, exactly how long this tank would hold out, and exactly when to start that "whim," to say nothing of the precise way to set about it. So invaluable were his services in these tentative times that Tuggenboonah Bill soon had the refusal of quite another style and title.

"Seems to me a superior sort of chap," said Crowther to his Victorian overseer; "talks as well as you or I do, if it comes to that. Do you know what I've half a mind to do? I've half a mind to take him on as second overseer, double his salary, and have him to live with us here in the house."

The first overseer encouraged the idea. Overworked himself, he could view the proposed reform, drastic as it was, with complete approval. Unfortunately it was met with a different reception from a person yet more intimately concerned.

"It's very kind of you, sir," said Bill himself (who said "sir" more often than the ordinary bushman); "but I'm too comfortable out at the hut to care to move. You see I've been there some years. On the whole, I'd rather stop at the Six Mile, if you will let me, and will believe that I'm tremendously grateful all the same."

"Comfortable!" the squatter was exclaiming. "Let you! Oh, yes, of course I'll let you—rather than lose you altogether. But do you quite understand? I invite you to be one of us—in the house—your room to yourself and your place at my table. I offer you a hundred a year instead of the beggarly pound a week you're getting."

The stockman suppressed a smile.

"It may seem beggarly to you, sir, but for me it's more than enough. I mean it—more! You get such a thundering big check, when you've put in a few months' work, that there's only one way of getting rid of it. And the man that knocks down his check like the rest, every few months, isn't fit to sit at your table, Mr. Crowther. All the same, sir, I shan't forget your kindness in suggesting it."

John Crowther drove back to his overseer with a cleft between his eyes.

"There's some mystery about that fellow. It isn't only the

way he speaks. He'd be a good-looking devil if he shaved, and had a decent coat to his back. But he doesn't want one; won't have our society at a gift; prefers to be alone out there at a pound a week! There's a mystery there, and a history too, you mark my words."

A few weeks later the mystery promised to deepen or else disperse, but in neither fashion was the promise fulfilled. There had tumbled from the Tuggenboonah mail-bag a letter at which even an honest man, like John Crowther, could look twice and thrice, though the letter was not for him or his. It came in an extravagantly thick envelope, surmounted by a veritable frieze of penny stamps; sealed, crested, and directed in a hand full of character and distinction. The superscription ran:

"To
William Arundell Bateman-Coke, Esq.,
Tuggenboonah Station,
near Wilcannia,
New South Wales."

"I rather think I've got something for you," said the squat-

ter. The effect was rather sinister. "I wish it was my name!" he exclaimed ironically. "You don't suppose I'd drop the best part of it? No, Mr. Crowther, only the beginning and the end are mine, and they're as common as Jack Robinson."

"Then what am I to do with this?"

And Crowther looked again from the missive to the man, as if by no means thoroughly convinced.

"Put it in the rack in the store. It'll be claimed sooner or later, but if not, no harm done. It's probably one of the hands that went when you came. There was one flash young chap that had the looks of a swell. But here are my sheep camping all over the place. If I don't round 'em up and push on we may lose one or two, for this here mob hasn't had a drink all day."

And now the voice was the voice of the ordinary stockman, the phraseology that of his class. Moreover, Crowther left his man so completely absorbed in his own business, and prosecuting the same with volleys of such exceedingly strong language, hurled at sheep and sheep-dog indifferently, that this time the squatter returned with modified views. He was

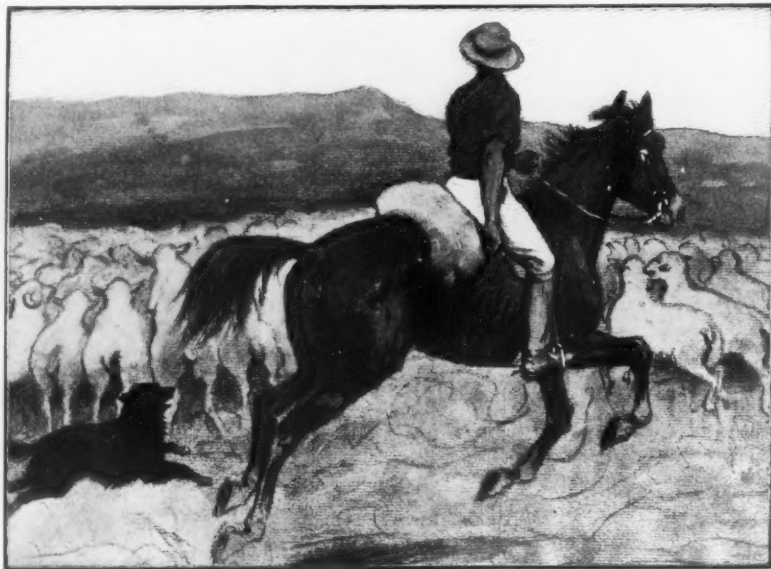
not so sure of the gentleman after all. It was not only the vocabulary of the fellow; why should he repudiate a thing so irresistible as a letter if it really had been for him? The more he thought of it, the more contrary it seemed to human nature, of which every man of forty is some judge. Crowther was forty-five, and a better judge than most; for he had the human sympathy begotten by a great sorrow; and he simply did not believe in letters from the old country being rejected or left unread by their rightful recipients at the opposite ends of the earth. They might come from a hostile or a hated hand. They might contain certain offence, inevitable heart-burning, unavailing recrimination and reproach. They might open every wound in a man's soul. But the man would prefer to know the worst.

So this letter was duly mounted in the rack within the station store; and that very night the squatter's principle was proven to the hilt. He little knew it. The outrage was neither detected at the time nor ever afterward confessed. The station was none the less the scene of a very impudent burglary in the small hours of the following morning.

Tuggenboonah Bill committed it without a qualm. His criminal equipment was entirely nugatory, but his determination was only equalled by his luck. He had but his knife and some wire with which to pick a lock

for the first time in his life. Yet he succeeded. The spring yielded with a clash that sounded deafening in the dead of night. Yet no one heard it. The burglar flew to where his horse stood tethered among some trees. But no door opened, no foot fell. He returned with more caution, stole into the store and softly bolted the door behind him.

He had an inch of candle. It occurred to Tuggenboonah Bill to burn it in his inverted wideawake, and this was the one touch which showed the least aptitude for a criminal career. It was an inspiration. The light was thrown entirely upward, in a wide circle that moved across the iron roof as Coke felt his way to the letter-rack. No ray could have escaped under the door, nor yet through the empty keyhole. At the rack, however, it was necessary to lower the wideawake, and the light spread down that wall. The letter was quickly found. Coke took it to the tall desk at one end of the counter. He perched himself on the tall stool, and adjusted the wideawake on the slope in front of him. The circle of light was now fixed and smaller. A number of implements, suspended from the roof, hung salient in the circle, like an enormous bunch of keys.



THE MAJORITY OF HIS WORKING HOURS WERE SPENT IN THE SADDLE

ter, meeting Tuggenboonah Bill next morning in the saddle. "It's a letter that came by yesterday's mail. I won't swear that it is for you, mind, but I slipped it in my pocket in case we met."

Of course, the meeting was by flagrant design on the part of this otherwise worthy gentleman, who furthermore failed to suppress a too visible interest in letter and recipient alike. Perhaps he did not try to suppress it. He was a well-meaning man, something lacking in tact, but in discernment not so much. He had already discovered the gentleman in the boundary rider, and done his best to eliminate the latter. He was now prepared to go further still. He was prepared to be an elder brother to this young scamp, and to pack him home to his friends. Unfortunately, his face showed something of the sort, and the other was on his guard before the letter came to light. He scarcely gave it a glance. A grim smile accompanied its immediate return.

"What! Not for you? But it's your name!" cried Crowther.

Bill's smile broadened without softening in the least. The teeth merely showed between bristly beard and unkempt

Coke worked patiently at the thick flap of the envelope, holding the latter high up in the light, until his arms ached, and he was forced to rest them. The richness of the stationery was a great point in his favor. The flap yielded by slow but sure degrees to an ivory paper-knife found upon the desk. Thereupon Coke heaved a deep sigh, and immediately broke the seal, merely gathering the atoms of brittle wax with great care, sweeping them from the slope into the palm of one hand which he stood up to unclothe in his trousers pocket. Then Tuggenboonah Bill read the letter from England, addressed to William Arundell Bateman-Coke, Esquire.

It had little effect upon him. It did not soften the grim outlines of the bearded face. It did not leave them harder than before. It merely filled the man with thought, so that he sat abstracted on the tall stool, in perilous oblivion to his situation. The bit of candle burned lower in the wideawake. The silence was emphasized by a peculiar and monotonous little noise. It was the intruder drumming with the paper-knife on the leathern slope. Suddenly he came to himself, but without a spasm, with a mere lift of the eyebrows and a passing smile. He put down the paper-knife and had another look at the letter. And this time something made its mark; his eye gleamed.

"So much for old pals," he muttered. "To go and give me away! To go and give me away!"

There was sealing-wax on the desk, and just enough candle left for sealing purposes. Coke had a signet ring in his pocket. The letter looked untouched when it was back in the rack; an examination would have proved nothing; it was sealed once more, with similar wax, and the self-same seal.

And Tuggenboonah Bill rode back to the Six-Mile with candle-grease and sealing-wax in the crown of his wideawake, and the same one grievance upon his bearded lips.

"You couldn't keep it to yourself. You must go and give me away. So much for old pals!"

By the next mail came a letter and a packet of newspapers addressed to William Coke. Tuggenboonah Bill could not repudiate these, but felt inclined to burn the letter unread. It was written from a Piccadilly Club, probably in five minutes, and contained little but some excellent advice wrapped up in slang. Coke was annoyed; he had not asked for advice, and he could not understand all the slang. The letter went on the fire after all. It had irritated Coke.

"Call yourself a pal still, do you?" he muttered. "After going and giving me away!"

But the papers were another matter. They were the very papers the exile would have chosen for himself. He lived on them for many a day. They were his nightly solace, and his torment too; they brought too many things home to him. There was not a horse left on the turf that he had ever heard of before. The theatrical advertisements were full of fresh names; in particular, new stars had arisen in the firmament of burlesque. The "Sporting Times" was the greatest irritant; its allusions were Greek to a once constant reader; it was worse than the slang in the letter. There had been changes, too, in the very staff. The graver papers gave less offence. Tuggenboonah Bill had never before been their serious student. He fancied some of them had changed their politics. But his chief amazement was at the solemn references to lady cyclists; in his own day, it wasn't a thing that anybody did; but then, his own day was over and done with once and for all.

Yet he was little more than thirty years of age. It was singular, indeed, how he clung to his decision.

His work was of the hardest in cumulative effect, if it seldom reached the pitch of violent exertion. And sometimes it did. But the majority of his working hours were spent in the saddle; he put in a longer day on horseback than that of any salesman behind a counter; never so long as in the fiery heat of the Australian summer, when the tanks were drying, and the sheep either bogging in the mud or dying like flies all over the run. That was the time when a good boundary rider was worth his weight in gold; and, luckily for the new owner, in all Riverina there was none better than Tuggenboonah Bill.

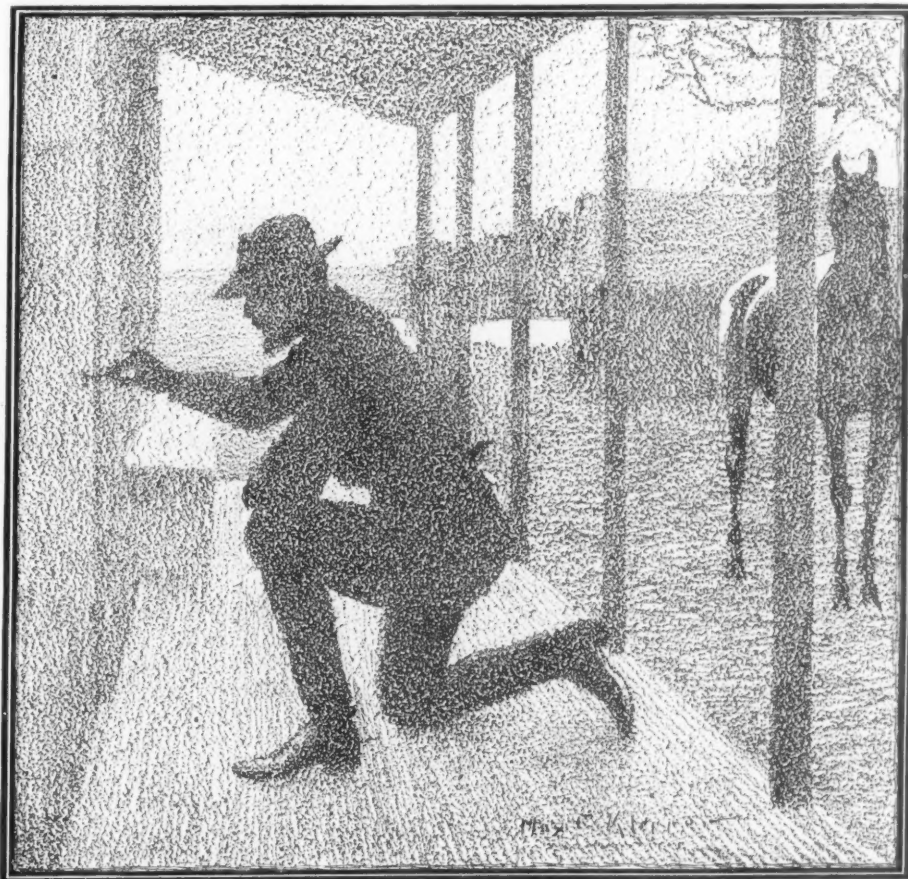
It was after shearing that the station had changed hands; it was then the station year begins—with its five worst months. These were the months in which the man at the Six-Mile refused to move into the house, but broke in one night to read a letter. He came no more to the homestead for weeks and months. He was too busy in the enormous paddocks under his charge. His arms were burned redder than any Indian's. His sleeves were never down. He never wore his coat from November till the end of March.

This month was hot enough. The thermometer still ran into three figures in the middle of the day. But the days were shorter, and the long nights deliciously cool. Then in April there was a fine rainfall, and grass grew in a night, very sparse, but green as emeralds, a sheer miracle to the Victorians. As for Tuggenboonah Bill, he had nothing to

do but to mend his fences for a whole month. The sheep swelled with fatness and with growing wool. Then all at once the plains became dotted with tiny, staggering flakes of white; and now the boundary-rider kept a keen eye once more; and his ear was seldom empty of the thin, high bleat of the newly-born.

It is confidently asserted that absolute solitude makes a man either one thing or the other—a very villain or a better man than most. The exile from Piccadilly, past offences and present obduracy apart, was undoubtedly better than most on Tuggenboonah. He was kind to animals, the watchful shepherd, the considerate horseman. His master's interests were his own. He was a man to be trusted out of sight and reach alike; he took so strange a pride in his work, the only kind that he had ever done. Thus he was insensibly retrieving the character he considered lost, or he was building up a new character in its place. But in either case he was unconscious of the fact; and occasional backslidings assisted his humility. Then, indeed, he was no better than the rest. Nor did he ever appear their superior to the casual eye, nor was this for an instant his desire. Now at the lamb-marking, for example, when all hands met, encamped upon one sanguinary field, the keenest observer might have failed to pick him out. Yet at night, in the men's camp, he smoked his twist and sang his song with the rest, and the song was just what you would have expected of a thorough-paced pound-a-week back-blocker.

The lamb-marking is next in importance to the great affair



HE HAD BUT HIS KNIFE AND SOME WIRE WITH WHICH TO PICK A LOCK

of shearing, but in point of time it comes first by several weeks. Mere preparations apart, the ensuing interval may stand for the slack time of the station year; but it is not necessarily slack at all. Usually, however, there has been some rain, and this year was no exception to the rule. It was, in fact, a very good season, and duties at the Six-Mile were proportionately light. There was a momentary abundance of ephemeral grass. Not only the excavated tanks, but the very crab-holes were full to the brim, and caught the sun whichever way one looked, so that the countryside stood winking at its old enemy, as Argus with all his eyes. And the boundary-rider could afford to nod and wink in his turn over the budget of print which he already knew by heart. So now it drove him back upon himself; and all of a sudden his life was unendurable.

He was unable to eat or sleep to any approximately adequate extent. He could only fume and fret and tear his own vitals. It was "the horrors" of solitary men. They say it is the worst kind of the two. And Tuggenboonah Bill had had them before.

Worse or better, this kind drives seven men out of ten to the other. Coke had been one of the seven sometimes, but as often one of the three. He remembered the former occasions. He fought furiously against the whip and spur of those memories; but they came on the head of others and worse; the combination was more than this man could bear. He gave in, and resigned his manhood for the nonce.

The next stage was horrible. It was shamelessly deliberate. It involved walking in for one's check, and then a very much longer walk to the nearest township. The boundary-rider set about it in cynical mood. Already he was another being.

It was a bright winter's day, just cool enough to wear one's jacket afoot, to mend the fire if one sat indoors. The station wore a deserted appearance. There were no loiterers to be seen in passing the men's hut. But Coke did not stop to look

in; he had no need of a companion. All he wanted was a couple of minutes with the boss; but there was no sign of overseer or owner about the homestead. There were the sounds of unseen children playing in the pine plantation. A widower with a young family was John Crowther, but Coke scarcely expected to find him surrounded by his children in the middle of the afternoon. So he stepped up to the station store, which adjoined the main building, and he knocked where he had broken in five months before. Then he stood and waited.

There was no answering sound within. But the boundary-rider was waiting in a little lobby into which the dining-room also opened; that door had been standing ajar; now it opened, with a whine from the hinges, and such a rustle as Tuggenboonah Bill had not heard since he came by that name.

A lady stood on the threshold; he had not seen a lady for years and years. The station was very far back. The late staff had been entirely male. Coke understood that the new squatter had young children, but that was all. He was horribly embarrassed; the old life suddenly seemed to have run right down to the last minute; if he had met this lady yesterday, in the Park, he could not have felt the present meeting more.

She looked very young, and yet no mere girl. The distinction flashed across him, subtle as it was. His perceptions were painful in their sudden rapidity and sledge-hammer force; they stung him like a frost-bitten limb beginning to thaw.

He was aware of crisp black hair, a decided nose, a deep chin, all redeemed and softened by a peculiarly kind brown eye. He also saw that the young woman was tall and straight, and neatly, but plainly, dressed, though her sleeves seemed of a singular size, and her skirt an error on the side of simplicity. Yet it was a mere matter of seconds before the young woman spoke.

"Are you looking for Mr. Crowther?" she inquired. Her voice was pleasant. Nay, more, it was an English voice! The boundary-rider felt certain of it from the first syllable.

"I was," said he.

"I'm afraid they're all away. I expect them back to-night."

"That's all right," said Tuggenboonah Bill. "I mean to say, thanks awfully, then I must wait."

There spoke his former self.

Tuggenboonah Bill had been staring until the lady blushed; his old self had better manners, and now he found himself looking down into the crown of his wideawake. So he had taken off his hat, had he? Well, that was something.

"Is it anything I can do for you?"

And now the voice was a little shy, but its kindly intonation even more marked than before.

The stockman turned and looked at his questioner again, but this time without offence. His smile was deferential to a nice degree. It was unpresuming without servility, which, indeed, is neither met with

nor looked for in the bush. There was, nevertheless, a flicker of allowable humor in his eyes.

"That depends," said he. "I didn't know there were any ladies in the family. It depends whether you ever wrote the checks."

The girl smiled.

"No, I don't do that," she said with an emphasis which implied that it was one of the few things she did not do. "Neither," she added, "am I one of the family." And a singularly pure complexion was enhanced by the very slightest and most transient access of color.

"I see," said Coke discreetly.

"I've come to look after the children and to keep house," the girl explained—as though it were necessary to enter into explanations with him—as though he were not merely one of the men.

Indeed, that circumstance had not occurred to her, and, for the moment, he had forgotten it himself. Then he pulled himself together and resumed:

"You haven't been here very long, have you?"

There were lost opportunities in his tone.

"Only two or three weeks."

"And you come from Home?"

She started.

"How did you know?"

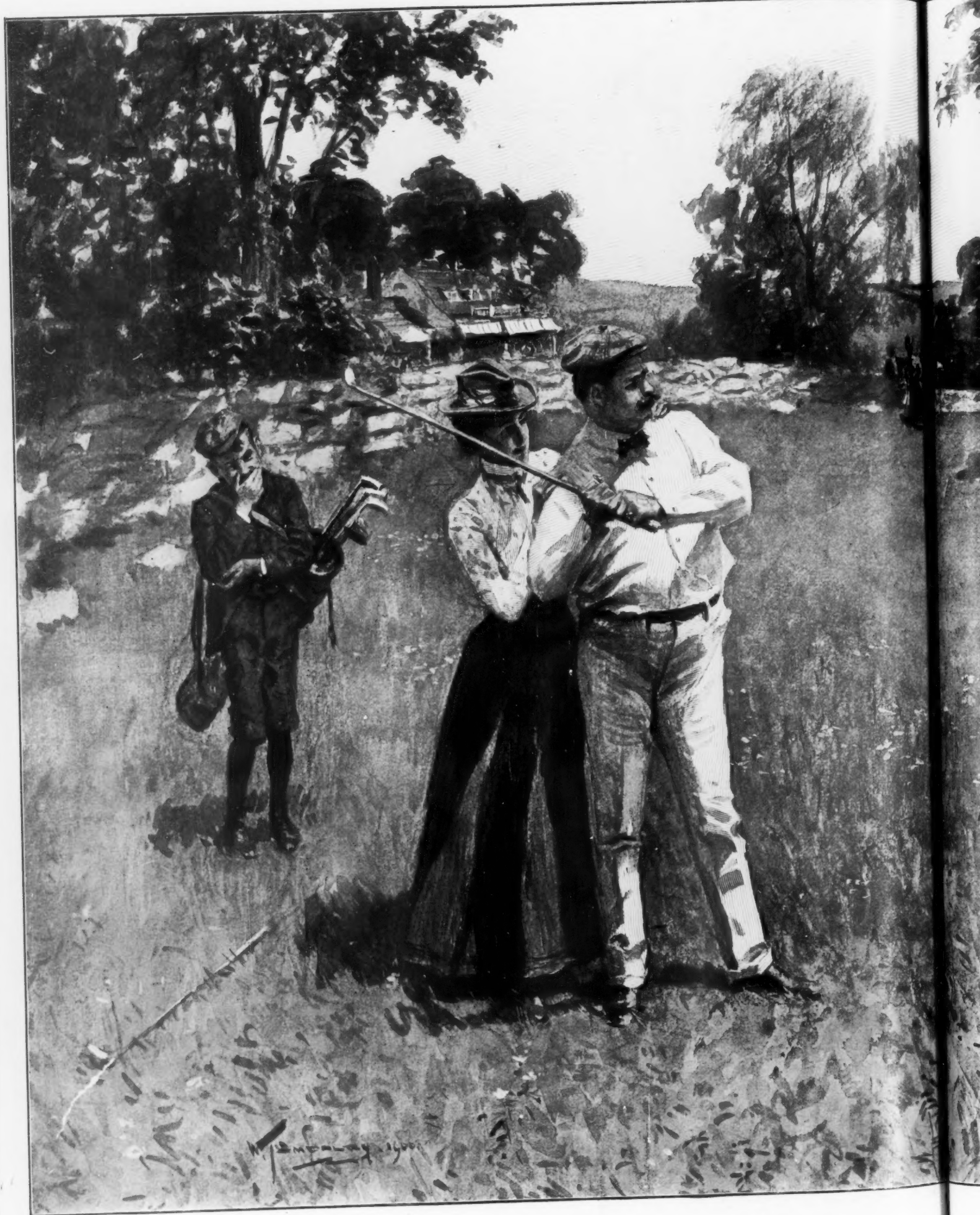
"Oh, I knew," he chuckled. "I happen to come from Home myself."

Never had simple statement a more extraordinary effect. The brown eyes sparkled with excitement. The decided little lips flew asunder.

The staid housekeeper stood transfixed with the delight of a child.

"Oh, do you?" she cried. "How delightful! You're the first I've met since I came up country!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)



A HAZARD OF THE

DRAWN BY T. S.



THE GOLF LINKS

BY T. SMEDLEY



The Curious Courtship of KATE POINS

By Louis Evan SHIPMAN With Drawings by A. I. Keller

(BEGIN IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY JULY 28)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The tale opens in 1793, and introduces, among other characters, Sir Kenstone Nevill, his son Dick and daughter Maria, who afterwards marries Lord Strothleigh. In avenging an insult offered his family by Captain Jack Poins (a younger brother of Sir Sydney Poins, his intimate) and others, both Nevill and Poins are killed. In 1809 Dick (now Sir Richard) Nevill becomes Marquess of Kenstone and gains great honor under Wellington, especially at Talavera. He is invalided to England and meets Kate Poins—niece of Sir Sydney—and the Vicomte de Broisie. De Broisie determines to marry Kate Poins and journey to Bath with that purpose in view. The Marquess of Kenstone is equally determined to make Kate his wife. He asks permission of Sir Sydney to address his niece and learns that her father was Captain Jack Poins who was killed in the duel with Sir Kenstone Nevill. He also learns a family secret, but declares his love to Kate and discovers that she is betrothed to De Broisie. Kenstone makes a sudden resolve and starts for Bath. The Editor of the Bath "Gazette" agrees with Vicomte de Broisie to withhold the announcement of the latter's engagement to Kate Poins. The Marquess of Kenstone requests the Vicomte to forego his suit for a pecuniary consideration. Sir Sydney tells Kate the secret of her birth and her comparative poverty, and De Broisie, on learning that she is not an heiress, deserts her and reveals the secret. Kate is prostrated by his perfidy, and Kenstone takes up Sir Sydney's quarrel and fights a duel with De Broisie. Kate learns that Kenstone knew her story when he declared his love. She has an unexpected meeting with De Broisie.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued) The Scorched Snake



ATE," HE SAID, "I've come back for you."

"How dared you!"

"Don't reproach me; I've suffered every agony since that day."

"You've suffered?" she asked scornfully.

"Yes, and I wish to make every reparation. I am going to France; I want you to go with me."

"You must be mad."

"I am," he answered. "Mad with love for you. Every moment of our separation has been a torture. Forgive me, Kate, forgive me!" he cried, bending to his knee and trying to take her hand.

She drew it back as if stung, and her eyes blazed. "Monsieur de Broisie," she said, "your presence here is an infamy. Have you not brought shame enough on our house? Is your degradation so great, or do you think our spirit so small, that you could attempt to force a hospitality that you had trampled in the dust?"

"Kate, listen to me," he said in a low voice, his head hanging. "Can you forget? Every spot in these gardens belongs to our love. Can four short weeks kill that love?"

"Love's death lies at your door!" cried she passionately. "It's name on your breath is blasphemy. Why don't you go? Hide your crime from the eyes of honest women and honest men."

Her words flayed him as with the lash of a whip. He had expected hot reproach, even revilement, but counted on something that never failed him, and he was now dimly aware that the spell was broken, that he was powerless to rekindle the sacred fire. Flying, as he was, for his very life, after a daring escape, he could not resist this return. Deserted on every hand, and at bay, the thought of the girl, and the peace of the old gardens, was like a glimpse of some far-away paradise to him; and he determined to turn aside at the dire risk of capture, beg for the forgiveness he felt sure would be given, and carry her with him to France. Doubtless the idea of dealing Nevill a subtle stroke entered into his calculations; but whatever his motives, the wildness and danger of the scheme were characteristic of him. With the sense of that danger pressing him hard, Kate's furious and bitter arraignment goaded him to a cold fury.

"Perhaps the Marquess of Kenstone has something to do with this sudden change of heart."

"Go!" said Kate, trembling with anger, nothing of cowardice.

His eyes gleamed ominously. The scourging this girl had given him, the mad sense of disappointment and chagrin touched his hot blood bitterly and filled him with a furious rage. "Do you delude yourself with the idea that even if the Marquess of Kenstone does deign to overlook your antecedents, that he will ever marry the daughter of the man who killed his father?"

"You are too despicable!" was her only reply.

"Kate, Kate," he said, in a hoarse, passion-stricken voice, "to save my immortal soul I wouldn't leave you here for that man!" His hand was on her wrist, and she shrank from the horrid pressure and gave a low scream. The next instant she was struggling, impotently, in the folds of his great cloak. She felt his arms, vice-like, pluck her own; then he raised her, and she could feel him going swiftly forward. Cries were smothered, her strength seemed to ooze from her, struggling ceased. She was conscious of his halting and of his heavy breathing. He gave a long, low whistle, that was followed by the sound of wheels. The door of a vehicle banged open; she felt her-

self lifted quickly in; the door banged shut, and then she swooned.

Impatience never had a shrewder knock than Nevill's that night, as his chaise was dashing through Bathaston village, almost at his journey's end. With a crack the hind axle gave way, and he and Rocket found themselves trudging along the road to Bath, while the post-boys galloped off to Kenstone to fetch them a pair of mounts. A tedious wait, beguiled by a tasteless supper at the inn, was no relief to his ruffled temper, and it was past nine o'clock when they left the town behind and took the road toward Poins House at a sharp canter. About a quarter of a mile from the gates the wild clatter of horses at full speed came to their ears, and, a second after, a chaise, with unlighted lamps, and lurching from side to side, swung around a sharp bend in the road and was upon them. With an oath, Nevill crowded his horse into the ditch, as did Rocket on the opposite side, and the coach whirled by, the Marquess catching a glimpse of a driver leaning far forward, lashing. He glanced back over his shoulder at the mad progress; there was nothing to be seen but a swirl of dust and the black vehicle rolling lazily.

Five minutes after, dismounting at the steps, he was met by Miss Tetley, panting, frantic, almost inarticulate.

"Oh, my lord!" she gasped, "have you—have you seen Miss Poins?"

"Miss Poins? No. What is it?"

"She went into the gardens alone—not twenty minutes ago, so one of the servants says—"

"Yes, yes," urged Nevill, feeling sick.

"I heard a scream at the end of the gardens—and—and rushed out. There was no one there, and she's not to be found. Oh! my lord, I'm afraid of something fearful."

Rocket was standing by, holding the bridles. "Your lordship remembers the post-chaise—"

He hadn't time to finish. Like a flash Nevill was at his side, one foot in the stirrup.

"You're right, Rocket. Come on! Not a word to Sir Sydney, Miss Tetley," he called back, as the paralyzed little woman stood and saw them leap out of the great shadow of the house, dash madly through the brilliant patch of moonlight beyond, then disappear behind the wood.

Once clear of the gateway, they took the road like greyhounds, with long, thundering strides that told of hunters' blood and breeding. No need for the pinch of the ravel, both riders had the seats of cavalymen, and the good beasts knew the meaning of taut rein and the tight grip of knees. It was a mad race, and the distance melted before the onslaught. Two miles from Poins House they swerved instinctively to the road that branched off, making detour of the town, and pounded on, the gray pathway stretching ahead of them, till it was lost to sight in giant treetops.

Another mile jumped by, and half of the next, when Rocket cried, "There, my lord!"

And Nevill, at the same moment, saw the chaise disentangle itself from the gloom of a heavy copse, that bordered the highway on either side, and struggle on through the moonlight.

A sudden thought brought his heart in his throat, and he leaned forward to feel the holsters. A sob of relief escaped him as his hand touched the pistols.

"Have you the pistols, Rocket?" he yelled across the wind.

"Yes, my lord," came the answer a moment after.

"Shoot the horses if they don't pull up," Nevill cried.

"Yes, my lord."

And on they swept. Before they had traversed the next hundred yards it was apparent that the pursuit had been discovered, and Nevill could see the light carriage bounding forward under a new impetus. He rose in his stirrups and gave a hoarse halloo, to make sure that they knew of the chase. But it was needless; a figure on the box turned, evidently to measure the distance, and then bent forward once more. They were less than eighty rods apart now, and of a sudden the chaise seemed to slow, then to stop.

Whatever Nevill thought the reason, his enlightenment came quickly; for hardly had they gotten within good range before a pistol-shot cracked. With a curse, the young man dug the spur home for the first time and sprang forward. He saw the figure on the box taking aim, the flash came and the sharp report, as he leaned low to the neck of the mare.

"Never mind the horses, Rocket," he called, and turned just in time to see Rocket's white, agonized face rocking from side to side, and then disappear as he rolled from the saddle.

Nevill fired, and the figure on the box disappearing, he thought he had reached him; but, as he came to within a yard of the rear hub, he saw a man slashing at the trace, who, the next instant, turning a scared face that showed the features of the Honorable Jack Tierce, vaulted on to the released chaise-horse and galloped off. At the very same moment the carriage door flung open with a crash that shattered every pane, and a man in black, whose head, hatless, and swathed in a turban-like bandage, gleamed in the light, sprang out and fired at Nevill just as he dropped on the other side of his reeking mare. The horse moved out from between them, and with a rush they were upon one another. De Broisie raised the empty pistol and brought the butt down with a heavy thud, and it was only the thickness of Nevill's beaver that saved him; as it was, he was dazed for a second, but the next they were clasped in a deadly, silent struggle.

Forward and back they swayed, gripping, clutching, twining; giants both in strength and skill, their muscles strained to cracking; and purpled, swollen veins, telling of the hearts' effort. Once the Englishman slipped, and with a raucous, gurgling cry De Broisie strove to keep the vantage and press it home, but with a mighty shift Nevill swung himself loose and closed again, this time with the clutch of both hands on the Frenchman's throat. Slowly the powerful fingers crushed the sinews of the neck; the Vicomte's eyes began to roll and stare, the cruel mouth dropped open, and the swollen tongue protruded, while the face was overcast with a hideous, mulberry tinge. Then all effort ceased, a convulsive shudder rippled over the limbs, and he relaxed—a lifeless thing in the other's grasp. And Nevill, flinging it far from him, staggered back against the wheel of the chaise, panting and trembling.

The wild chaos of murderous thoughts fell from him, and he turned unsteadily to the door of the chaise, in the gripe of sickening fear. Kate lay quite motionless, half against the broad seat, so enveloped in the cloak's blackness that his groping hands took no heed, until a reluctant fold dropped down and showed the white face through the tangled, glistening hair. Gently he lifted her, and gently laid her at the roadside, kneeling by her then and rudely chafing the bloodless hands. A faint flutter of the eyelids and, after a long, faint sigh brought bounding elation. The ripple of a brook caught his ear; he stumbled to his feet, and, snatching his broken hat, rushed down the bank and filled it with water. When he returned she was trying feebly to rise, but fell back with a cry.

"Go, go—don't touch me."

"It's Nevill," he said, bending low and smoothing her temples with his moistened handkerchief.

"Nevill!" gasped Kate, and unclosed great eyes to prove the ear's message. "Where—where is he?" she murmured, gazing wildly at his bruised face and torn neckcloth.

"He—he has gone," said Nevill. "I've come to bring you back."

"I—I knew—you—you would come," she faltered. And he smothered the unresisting hand to his lips.

Four hours later a little group of horsemen from Poins House and Kenstone Hall, in the centre of which was Nevill, still in tattered and dishevelled condition, drew rein about the stranded post-chaise. The battered doors hung wide and the beams of the waning moon drifted through from side to side, assisting its forlorn and deserted appeal. Rocket's body they found some hundred yards down the road, where the reluctant stirrup-strap by which he was dragged had at last given way. But of De Broisie there was no sign—save a torn, clotied head-bandage lying on the road—though the search was continued till dawn and afterward under Nevill's directions. The mystery of his disappearance was never solved, and it was many a long day before he and the Marquess came face to face again.

CHAPTER XXIII

Kate Comes to Her Own

THE STORY of that night's dark work never came to Sir Sydney's ears. Kate kept her room for two days, and her absence, though it worried the old baronet, was explained by the admirable Howson in such a way as to not alarm him. But on the third day after he was attacked so violently by his old complaint that Miss Tetley was afraid to keep the knowledge of it from the girl; and she came down, trail and white, to be at his side. The doctor, on his arrival, frightened her with his seriousness, and still more so by staying to dine, though she herself would not move from the hand that lay so quietly in hers. The night-light burned dimly behind her, and a thin pencil of the moon's rays stole through the partly drawn window-curtains and touched the silken hangings of the bed.

He had not spoken since she came in, in the late afternoon—only welcomed her with a gleam from his tired, patient eyes, a feeble pressure of the hand, and then lay motionless and mute, while a cold, desolate loneliness crept over her as she sat there silently through the hours. The doctor came in again about eight o'clock, and when he had gone, after telling Kate that he would be found in the library if he were needed, Sir Sydney turned to her slowly and said: "Where is Dick Nevill?"

"He is coming, uncle," answered Kate.

"He must—come soon," said the old man. "I haven't long, Kate, to wait."

"I have sent for him, uncle dear; he will be here soon."

"That is good."

He was silent for several moments. "You must be very kind to him, Kate. He has done much for us."

"I know, I know," said she.

"And his father, I—I loved his father, Kate."

"His father?" whispered she, an icy hand seeming to lay on her breast. "His father died—how?"

Leaning forward eagerly, she strained to catch his answer.

"Like a gentleman," replied the baronet. "And we owe him much for that, too," he added.

"Why?" she asked tremulously. "Did my father—"

The words she would have spoken hung in her mouth, but Sir Sydney seemed not to notice. "Your father blighted everything he ever touched," he said. "But God has given us the chance to atone."

"Yes," she murmured, and her head drooped forward, while scalding tears slowly soothed her agony.

It seemed hours after, and it was late, that the door quietly opened and Nevill came in, followed by the doctor. She had not seen him since that night, and, as he stepped softly toward her and gently took her hand, the great anguish and loneliness seemed to fade from her. The baronet had dropped off to sleep; at least at their entrance he gave no sign, nor when the doctor felt his pulse and, whispering to Nevill, withdrew, leaving them alone; and the two sat motionless, while the long darkness flowed away, muffled, soundless. The prying moonbeams slipped off the floor across the floor and slyly disappeared, leaving the wavering, shaded lamplight to greet the chill gray that now began to force its way. She shivered at the cold, early wind of the summer morning swept about the house, and Nevill rose and dropped a shawl about her. As he did so Sir Sydney gave a long, low sigh that arrested his attention. He bent over him, and the cold, placid face told him that the soul's journey had begun.

Stepping to the door, he touched the lightly sleeping Howson, and whispered him to wake the doctor, who a few moments later came stealthily in. Kate still sat with the beloved hand in hers, unconscious that the great Inquirer had stepped between her and him she loved so well. Nevill put a warning finger to his lips, as the doctor entered, and then going to her, quietly took her hand and led her out.

"Is he asleep?" she asked.

"Yes, he is asleep," said Nevill.

The house was not yet astir, and they went along the gallery and down the stairs to the hall below.

"You are tired," he said; "a breath of air on the terrace will refresh you."

She made no answer, and they stepped out, just as the day's first flush was deepening in the east. Birds were already a-flutter, and filling the air with their shrill morning melody; the odor of the crowded gardens, relieved from night's pressure, rose and greeted their stagnant senses; and the cool of the fragrant breeze gently pressed their tired eyes, drooping from their unwonted vigil. They stood for a few moments, then Kate, without a word, descended the steps and took the path toward the fountain that sounded faintly across the barrier hedges, following by her side. At her little bow she stopped and plucked a rose, shaking the clinging dew before she put it to her face, while he looked hungrily at the crimson favorite.

"Lord Kenstone," she said, "what are my uncle and myself to do? You strip us quite bare of gratitude."

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"What are you to do?" Nevill asked slowly, wondering if he dared speak. "Can't you give me something that I asked for long ago? I don't mean out of gratitude," he went on hastily, "but—but for some other reason?"

"Oh, why do you persist in wanting that?" she asked. "Don't you fully realize how poor would be your recompense?"

"Kate," he said, standing very close and taking her hands, "can't you understand? That is the only thing I really want in all the world."

She felt as if she ought to resist, to save this man from being humbled by the possession of her poor self; but the great joy that swept over her could not be stemmed, and she looked up at him with dimmed eyes that told him everything.

"Kate!" he cried, and held her in his arms. "See," she whispered softly, and he turned. "The sun is coming up."

THE END

DR. TALKS OF FOOD,

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT



Edited by
**MARGARET
E. SANGSTER**



HOT WEATHER

THE LONG-CONTINUED and excessive heat of this summer has not, all things considered, resulted in so many deaths from sunstroke as might have been expected. In tropical lands, where intense heat is the rule during the daytime, people learn to accommodate their ways to those of the climate, and, rising in the early dawn, they so arrange their affairs that later they may sit quietly in darkened rooms, emerging only when the sun loses its power in the late afternoon. A feature unusual with us has been the hot night, the breathless atmosphere unrelieved by fresh breezes after sundown, and this condition has borne with peculiar urgency of suffering upon the poor, the tenement dwellers who live in stifling quarters crowded with pallid and reeking humanity. Happily, at this season we may expect before long the return of the most beautiful weather in the world, that of our American autumn. Meanwhile we should impress upon ourselves the utter futility of haste, which induces a nervous waste; we should dress as lightly as possible, and make available for work those crisp morning hours which some of us spend in bed. Meals should be taken with an unworried mind, and should consist largely of fruit, eggs and fish, with seasonable vegetables, meat being heat-producing and not the ideal diet for the summer.

Grapes will be abundant in our markets, and, with peaches, pears, melons and apples, our tables should present a tempting variety, alluring to the epicure and satisfying to the most fastidious palate. Whoever wishes to be strong, serene and equal to any emergency should feast on grapes, Nature's own panacea for most ills.

Once in a while a daring thief relieves a woman of her pocket-book on the street, snatching it from her hand and disappearing in the crowd before she recovers from her dismayed surprise. Men wonder that women carry money where it can be so easily lost or stolen, forgetting that while they have pockets galore, a dozen of them in conveniently located places, women usually have none at all. If, by a happy chance, a woman's gown is equipped with a single pocket, it is hidden away where a thief would, it is true, be puzzled to find it, but also where it is inaccessible to herself. A pocket cunningly tricked out of sight in the rear or concealed under a fold, where it can be reached only by lifting up an entire petticoat, is as useless as such an appendage can well be. Consequently, women are compelled to go abroad with their purses either in their hands or in small bags, which are no protection, since they may be dropped from



QUEEN OF SERBIA (NEE MADAME DRAGA MASCHIN)



KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA

the belt and lost, or seized by the predatory pick-pocket and speeded away without the slightest trouble.

The pointed demand for pockets will probably be met some day by a complaint-maker who shall make his

venting a style in which pockets may be multiplied yet not seem incompatible with ornament and grace. Meanwhile, and until women in numbers revolt from the tyranny of the present pocketless régime, they will continue to carry their purses in the same little hand which, holding card-case, new magazine, letters, parcels, fan and parasol, is at a great disadvantage when additionally it gathers up the folds of a long skirt. They may protect themselves best from frequent losses by never carrying anything except car-fare and ferrage, sending goods home C.O.D. or having them charged on a monthly account, and taking with them in the purse only a small amount of change over that which they will need on the daily expedition.

THE MESALLIANCE OF THE KING OF SERBIA

THE marriage of King Alexander of Serbia to Madame Draga Maschin, a former lady-in-waiting to his mother, has filled Servian society with consternation. For some time Alexander's ardent attentions to this lady, who is twice his age, have been the subject of much gossip in Belgrade and Vienna. When Queen Natalie dismissed Madame Maschin on account of her love affair with Alexander she was all but destitute. The young King rented a luxuriously furnished house for her within a stone's throw of the palace, and there she resided for three years. Whenever the King went travelling, Madame Maschin took the same route and stayed in the same towns. It was on this account, it is said, that King Alexander's persistent suit for the hands of various European princesses has been received with so little favor. Yet, though Belgrade society may be shocked, the Courts of Europe, since the divorce of ex-King Milan, have become so used to the eccentricities of the Kings of Serbia that it will make little difference. The Czar and the Sultan, at all events, did not fail to congratulate the newly-married pair.

We never anticipate accident or injury when we leave home in the morning, yet it is always on the cards that the unexpected may happen. Every person should carry in some part of his or her clothing a name and address for identification, in case of necessity, and for notification of friends, should disaster ensue. The ambulance may pick up a suddenly prostrated citizen, and he may lie for hours at death's door in a hospital while his relatives are suffering untold anguish of suspense, although the simple precaution of a card stitched inside a coat would be sufficient to summon friends at once.

Profanity is vulgar and lowbred as well as shocking, and one does not often hear it from the lips of gentlemen. Yet nobody who is on the watch can be blind and deaf to the fact that profane words often fall from the lips of the small boy. Not slang merely, but oaths are used by little fellows with rosy cheeks and clear eyes, and the tasteful dress which is worn by mothers' darlings. Do the mothers know this? Not often. They have so many outside engagements that they do not live on intimate terms with their children, and sometimes it is to be feared that in their attendance on mothers' clubs and training-schools and classes they fritter away precious time which could be better spent with the little ones about whom they glibly theorize. Profanity from a child with a cherub's face makes one shiver; it is so frightfully out of tune, like a discord in music, or the clash of colors which cannot agree. A small man of eight or ten allowed to play on the street, or to form his own associates without maternal supervision, from mere imitation and without understanding its evil, receives into his vocabulary a great many



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NOTICE

HOME THUS

THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

very undesirable expressions. Mothers think they know their little lads thoroughly, but in many cases, the resident of the next street could give them an opinion which would be an unwelcome revelation.

Another subtle peril to boys lurks in their reading. Love for the sensational and dramatic is so universal that its legitimate demands should be met, but not by presenting to the immature mind stories of piracy and highway robbery, or of unscrupulous malice, or fictitious adventure, in which red-handed murder plays a large part. Bad reading confuses a lad's sense of justice, and poisons his intellect, as atropine or strychnine might deal deadly injury to his body. To allow boys access to the literature of depravity is the grossest cruelty to them as individuals, and the greatest injury to the community where they dwell. Lads are in reformatories and penitentiaries to-day who might be preparing for useful lives at home had parents barred the way to bad reading, and known for themselves that their sons were learning from good books and periodicals lessons of virtue and morality.

AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION

THE pagoda of the Buddhas, in the department of Chinese India, is a marvelously interesting structure.

You see its wonderful roof rising high into the heavens as you mount the hill of the Trocadero—roof overlaid with little spurs of gold and scales of tiles in all the most delicate nuances, and rising high above the trees; for if the Exposition has not been able to give great effects of ensemble, it is certainly often wonderful in the singular force it gives to detail. The pagoda of the Buddhas is by itself, apart, hidden amid green. Upon the flights of immense steps leading to it, great idols watch, four by four. Twenty monstrous Chimerae, half dog, half shark, grinning, guard the vast terrace upon which the pagoda stands. Gigantic kneeling goddesses, with lotus flowers in their hands, look out from the four corners of this terrace. Behind, an enormous cupola like a Hindu turban rises above the roof, crowning a vast stone cube pierced with three openings. Four giants flank and guard this dome. Through the whole there is a wonderful harmony and solemnity. Every angle, every line, every leaf or flower in the ornamentation holds a symbol. Not a stone but has its peculiar mystic sense. You cannot say to yourself: This is only an imitation, a reproduction, made as a show. You are stirred before it by the eternal mystery of faith. You could bow to the great bronze gods within, as to things supernatural, and when you see that you are asked not to descend the steps that lead to it you do not descend the steps. Who and what were these people, the Khmers, in whom religious faith was so profound that long centuries after their race has entirely disappeared from the earth the simple reproduction of a belief, a myth wrought by them into stone, can so profoundly impress us of another civilization in the midst of all the movement of Paris?

Surely, very good entertainment is to be got in the Fair, but not by looking for it in the places especially arranged for your edification in that particular. I am especially fond of the Exposition of mornings, when you can catch the peoples unawares, as it were, in what few natural moments the necessity for extracting their daily bread by being unnatural may have left them. The other morning, as we were wandering through Andalusia, voices, laughter, commands, the stamping of horses came to us from behind a high board fence. "It's their rehearsal," a civil official responded in answer to a question, accompanied by the showing of the magic "green card"—the most powerful open sesame in the whole Exposition—and this last secured us an entrance to the "arenas," where we looked out upon one of the most extraordinarily conglomerate scenes I have ever beheld. Orgies of red, garboge, blue, mauve and orange paint seemed to have run riot everywhere over the Spanish architecture which formed a framework for the *piste* we looked into, and in this a melancholy-looking Frenchman was trying to bring order out of a chaos of French jockies and dancing girls, Arab chiefs, Andalusian women and sad-eyed camels. Over and over again he disposed his company. "Here!" he would say to the Andalusian women and the others, arranging them in groups. "Here you must stay till I give the signal. All the camels in the corners!" Then patiently he started up his riders and horses, and, presto! in a moment, Arabs, Andalusians and camels had all left their moorings and were inextricably mixed up with the French and horses. It was either that or never to start at all. This, we learned, when it was ready to burst upon the world in its splendor, would be an "Arab Fantasy."

It is interesting, too, to drop into the national pavilions in the early morning as they are doing their housekeeping. "I am looking for the Hogarth," I said to a keen-eyed Anglo-Saxon who was working over a picture in the beautiful manor house which represents Great Britain. "The 'Hogarth?'" he said politely. "Well, this just appears to be 'im." It was quite as good as crossing the Channel.

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THE EMPEROR'S FAREWELL VISIT TO THE "LUCHS"—Emperor William, and the officers and crew of the "Luchs," one of the first German naval vessels to sail for China. Photographed by Renard, Kiel

LONDON



AMERICAN POLICY IN CHINA

NOBODY wonders that our American government should have snubbed the Viceroy in their effort to make it use influence with the European powers as regards further and immediate hostile action. The United States decides, as universally is perceived, that those who have attempted to stem this abominable torrent neither could nor should be dissuaded from their task. With pleasure it is observed that our government does not desire to separate itself from those of the allies. Still, in certain quarters you detect that the latest American Note has produced a distrust as to its possible ambiguity. "It looks," we are told by one such dubious commentator, "as if the Americans wouldn't object to marching back again and dropping the whole affair, after having rescued Mr. Conger." To which might be answered that common sense can hardly see more than a single reason why the Americans wouldn't, since they have played no intrusive and aggressive part, like that of all the other powers. And this reason is simply the one which English imperialism would call by such euphemistic names as a "sphere of influence," "suzerainty," *et cetera*, while your Little Englander, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Henry Morley and not a few others, would denounce the entire impulse as mere lust of gain. It is soothing to nervous temperaments, these convulsive times, to feel that somebody somehow, some

where must be right. England at the coming November polls will have a chance to tell us what *she* thinks, though *Vox populi vox Dei* has long ago passed to that bourne whence no exploded proverb ever returns.

A STUDY IN KINGCRAFT

King Victor Emmanuel III. has surely made a fine beginning, as everybody here concedes. The interest which England has always taken in Italian affairs now sharply reveals itself in this her new hour of disaster and pain. The English have done an immense deal, archeologically, it will be remembered for Italy. They have done, politically, not a little, as the forthcoming life of Gladstone by one of his dearest friends will be rather sure to show. And lastly, in a sense altogether commercial, she sends winter residents each year by hundreds of thousands among the magic hills and enchanted shorelands of this lovely clime. Indeed, it may be said that of all the Latin races England holds Italy in far deepest regard. She has fought fiercely with both France and Spain, but her attitude toward the wonderful Peninsula that has "ruled the world" is chiefly one of artistic fondness. Therefore she rejoices all the more disinterestedly in the new king's resolute and virile beginning. But she deplores, at the same moment, those inflammatory measures which King Humbert's indignant mourners have taken. The wholesale arrest of Radicals and of men with socialistic though completely peaceable sympathies cannot be too much condemned. For example, Signor Sottorino, a Florentine, who is a young man of advanced opinions, though unblemished character, was arrested in his home late the other night, and dragged half-clad by two gendarmes, to a police station. The next day his employer (an advocate whom he faithfully served) dismissed him from his place. The bare suspicion of his being an anarchist was enough. Sottorino (whose wife and children live solely on his support) is still in durance.

"THE SINS OF THE FATHERS"

Other like outrages have rapidly followed. You feel the comparative freedom of our own country and England, whose such persecution would rouse prompt revolt. The municipal authorities, by the way, refuse to aid Sotterino's family because of their relationship to the man so ridiculously accused. Hundreds of harmless citizens live in like way as compelled to suffer. One, an electrical engineer at Genoa, declared by his captors that he could amply prove he was not an anarchist. "If you are a Radical to-day," he was answered, "you may be a Socialist to-morrow, and an assassin the day after. We shall keep you here for the present." But silliness consorts even more intimately with injustice when of two men, both named Giordano, one being a strong Conservative Monarchist and one a Social Democrat, living in the same house at Turin, the loyal Giordano is seized during the absence of his free-thinking fellow-lodger! "Since you have the same name as one of those brigands," he was ironically told, "and live in the same house with him, you must be a fit candidate for penal servitude!" Well, we all know the volcanic nature of the average Italian, it is commented here in London, and hence we cannot fail to realize the full folly of such precipitate reprisals. On the other hand, it is felt that the hideous butchery of Humbert, the deep damnation (in Shakespearian phrase) of his taking off, rendered temporarily excusable this frenzied confusion of guilt and innocent. Cavour did marvels for Italy, but to repress dangerous fire is not to extinguish it. The poorly-motivated king was fatally ill-advised in seeking to make his grand new monarchy a Power of the first magnitude. Heavy taxes and swarms of paupers are not precisely affinities. Then, again, there has perhaps never been, throughout all history, so peculiar a blend of religious harmony and political discord as that between the ancient Vatican and this throne of yesterday. If ever a king should be pitted it is Umberto's holiday. All very well to say that provided he has elements of great



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ness the opportunity for exploiting them is enormous. But opportunity is environment, and it is also a queer, elusive, moonlight thing called luck. You may hamstring an elephant. Fate, for that matter, in the shape of a railway accident, did so to old Jumbo, the most redoubtable elephant ever known in a menagerie, if also the wisest, meekest and most learnedly philosophic. We should remember that he who sang to us about "grasping the nettle danger" delivered a practical hint as well about "kicking against the pricks."

TROPICAL ENGLAND

London has not had for many years anything at all resembling the heat of the departing summer, though spells of extremely cool weather have relieved, it must be granted, these odious visitations. In more than a single way, it has recently struck me, this once most "insular" metropolis is becoming cosmopolitanized. Perhaps "Americanized" would be better. Its new Central Underground is a case in point. All fares are twopence; there is no more variation in them than in those of our own Elevated, and they have long cars and side seats of exactly the same sort, and people crowd into them and stand, just as we do, with their hands clutching little straps pendant from the bars above. You can tell the English folk by their surprised looks. Some of them think it great fun; others are evidently disconcerted by it. The trains are run with electricity, and the long tunnelage, extending from the Bank of England to Bayswater, is radiant with electric lights. It glimmers with myriads of pearly tiles; it is so refreshingly smokeless and unatmospheric that you almost forget an open sky does arch above you. When you come to the various stations ("Oxford Circus," "Bloomsbury," etc.) you find yourself expecting, if you hail from New York, far different names, like "Thirty-fourth Street" or "Forty-second." Indeed, the whole system, with gaitmen standing at the small platform wickets and throngs passing in and out when every stoppage occurs, is an actual bit of New York existence.

THE ICE CRAZE IN LONDON

This, of course, does not specially concern the unprecedented heat, though travellers by the old "stuffy" undergrounds may just now associate it most agreeably with that fierce climate feature. But the sudden prevalence of ice means Americanism of more seasonable sort. Londoners are now wholly changing in their demand for ice. Formerly they avoided it, even sneered at their transatlantic kin for consuming it. Now it is brought into the vast town by innumerable tons. Hawkers, in hot weather, would go about with it, and few deigned to buy. The truth is, all appetite for ice is an acquired one. Heat begets the craving, and hence we, with our torrid summers, have grown to use it alike in January and July. This, if you please, is not sensible, but the English have for many years been still more foolish. They have quite failed to comprehend the virtue of ice as a preservative of food. "It's an ill wind" . . . and now that they find themselves distressed in a physical way as almost never before, they have begun to recognize the bounteous benefits which ice may confer during every month of the year. Nearly all London ice, by the by, comes from the Norwegian lakes. This has for American ears a strongly romantic sound. Two hundred thousand tons of the Scandinavian product are now annually imported to England. A little later (who knows?) our New York Anglo-manic may disdain all ice of another quality. We can see him strolling into one of the cafes of the Waldorf-Astoria, and asking for a Norwegian cocktail. "Mind, waiter, Norwegian ice," he may enjoin. "Yes, sir," the answer may be given; and soon he may smack his lips over an amber decoction cooled by the Jack Frost of Westchester County. Why not? We dwell in a world of humbugs, and are not more ludicrous ones devised and exploited every day? . . . Let me not pass over another strange manifestation engendered by the heat. For several weeks the coachmen and footmen of the smartest carriages have been arrayed in straw hats. It is a very merciful innovation, but it is also very ugly. The clash it makes with the modish livery and the armorial bearings on the panels of Lady Mayfair's and Lord Belgrave's equipages can ill be described.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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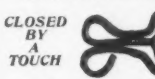
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SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

Edited by Walter Camp

REVIEW OF TENNIS



THE TENNIS INTEREST of this year has been so far ahead of that of any year since golf began to trench upon its province that a review of certain of the interesting features is demanded. Primarily, the season's play must have convinced every one that in Whitman we have a man who, added to a remarkably well adapted physique, has a complete grasp of the tactics of the game, good judgment, and a thorough command of strokes. There have been other men quite as persistent, and there have been occasionally men more brilliant for a few strokes, but I doubt very much, and I have seen practically all the Newport meetings, whether we ever had a man so thoroughly reliable as Whitman proved himself this year. That he might be beaten an occasional set is quite possible, but take him day out and day in, he would win a majority of the matches against anybody on this side of the water, and I believe that Doherty is the only man on the other side who could beat him. And to be sure even of that I should want to see the men facing each other over the net.

The advance of Paret last season, and his final victory until he met Whitman, gave rise to a belief that the standard of the game was declining. Whether such a judgment was fair or not, this season's play has been eminently satisfactory. Larned played a better game, and a far steadier one, than he has ever played before; and as for promising coming players, no better examples need be cited than that of Beals Wright, and the younger Wrenn.

It is marked that our service and our handling of service is better than it ever was before. It is also noteworthy that the judgment of the rank and file of players as to when to go to the net, when to lob, and of the other finer points of the game, is much better than it used to be. Our base line players, like Stevens, still win matches occasionally, and, judging by the effort and skill they show, they deserve to; but even the best of them go down before the really first-class man who combines both styles.

A very interesting match was played on the day of the finals between Whitman and "Bob" Wrenn. Wrenn was somewhat off his game, but in occasional moments of brilliancy showed much of his old form; still even then Whitman could cover more of the court, and was surer. On the next court "Ollie" Campbell and Stevens were having a match. Here the contrast between their styles was far more marked than that between Whitman and Wrenn. Stevens was getting everything back and flying up and down the base line with the same persistency as ever, while Campbell was getting to the net whenever he dared, although rendered somewhat timid by Stevens' excellent passing. Budlong was playing on another court. But altogether it was impossible for one not to see that Whitman was best of them all, and to feel that no one had a chance with him. Certainly the final result was pleasant and satisfactory, for it gave Larned, in the winning of the All-comers, a well-deserved triumph, while the next day demonstrated Whitman's premier position.

With the result of this season's matches fresh in mind one may revert to the progress of the winner of last year's All-comers for a measure of comparison.

Last year's tournament and this year's both saw Davis, a player much fancied for the winner, beaten out by an unexpected strong opponent.

There have been tennis tournaments at Newport which have resulted in some unusual situations and surprises, but it is safe to say that in the national championship of 1899 the advance of J. Parnley Paret, as he moved up toward the top, was at each step more and more disconnecting to those who had endeavored to pick the winner of the All-comers.

Paret played in the Southern championship, and beat N. T. Wilson, Jr.; but in the challenge round, John C. Davidson, the holder of the cup, defeated him three straight sets. Paret appeared later in the New England championship tournament at New Haven, where he was beaten by Dodge, who later succumbed to Foote.

At Newport, in the early part of the tournament, there was no very great indication of Paret's coming strength, although his endurance was marked in every match. In his match with Chace his playing in the first part of the contest indicated no great superiority over his rival, but toward the end his endurance told markedly. His match with Avery was also easy. His match with Huntington was a five set one, and one where endurance alone pulled him out; but so great was his strength in the fifth set that he defeated the old-time player six-love.

As a result of all this, and of the fact that most of the tennis experts had come to regard Paret as a man who had reached his limit, there was little belief that he would get so far as to meet Davis; and when, after winning in the semi-finals, it was known that the finals would be fought out between Paret and the Harvard man, bets were freely offered of three to one on Davis, and there was not a little even money against Paret securing even a set.

The day was almost perfect, and the rest of Sunday seemed to have come most fortunately to the New York player. It was noticeable before the match was half over that Paret was the stronger man physically and in the better shape. Whether his greater maturity was the reason for this, or whether he had been taking better care of himself, it is hard to tell. At any rate, he was strong as a lion in the last and decisive set. The play began soon after eleven o'clock, and as it was known that both players would rush for the net, it was determined to watch foot faults with especial care, and both players were called under this rule. Paret being a little the more frequent offender. Davis went off with the lead, and had it 3-1 when there came a hitch, Paret steadying down and finally winning a long game, and adding two more, which put him in the lead at 4 to 3. Davis then took two games, getting ahead once more, but Paret braced and ran three straight games, taking the first set 7 to 5. Davis in the second set had a fair chance, as he once more got the score up three to one in his favor, but Paret held on too closely, and finally had the Harvard man at 5-4. Davis won the next game, making it five all, and eventually, but only after an expensive effort, took the set at 10 to 8. This effort seemed to tell on Davis much more than it did on Paret, and in the next set, in spite of Davis's efforts to pass the New York representative, Paret won the set after the score stood three all, by three straight games, two of them love. Davis, however, recovered his grip in the fourth set, and with plenty of speed and confidence drove the ball repeatedly past Paret as he would try to come to the net, finally winning the set 6-2. This left the match at two sets all, and the confidence of the audience in Davis returned. When the players came out on the courts for the decisive fifth set, Davis had the service and won the first game, and Paret replied by winning a game, and once more each player won his service. Paret's condition then seemed to tell in his favor, for he won the next two games; and in spite of Davis's efforts to pass him, which had been successful in the previous set, the New York player pushed him until the score was 5 games to 3, when the Harvard player made another fine stand on his last opportunity to prevent the loss of the match. Twice the Harvard player reached vantage, but each time Paret brought the score back to deuce. Then a ball into the net and a pass by Paret along Davis's side line gave the New York man the game, set and match.

When, however, it came to meeting the holder, Whitman, the old story of the exhaustion of the challenger incident upon working his way up through a big field, and then playing immediately a fresh man, was repeated. Whether this would have been enough alone to defeat Paret is a question which all those who have watched two years' play are inclined to answer in the negative. But it has always been a factor, and always will be under the present conditions. Paret was unenterprising and failed to rush in the first two sets. Then he made his rally and got to the net and outplayed his man; but the rally was temporary, and Whitman met it well in the next set, so that the third was all the challenger could capture, and Whitman was left in possession of the cup. This year both Davis and Paret were beaten out, Wrenn, the younger brother of the former redoubtable champion, upholding the honor of the family by stopping the English visitor, Gore, and facing Larned in the finals. Nor could Larned himself, with all his brilliancy, have succeeded in earning the right to meet Whitman, had he betrayed his old weakness of erratic play. On the whole, the conclusion is inevitable that the standard of play is better this year than for several seasons.

One other point should be touched upon as especially discussed for a year or two, and that is the quality of play of the veterans. Those who believed that none of the "has-beens" to use the common expression, were capable of reaching the finals, and who counted upon Davis, or, if not Davis, Wright, as the man likely to meet Whitman, must have been greatly surprised at the form displayed by Larned. But there was considerable evidence upon the

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ENGLISH ARMY OFFICERS PLAYING POLO AT THE RACE COURSE, SHANGHAI

other side as well, although some of the weak playing of the veteran element could be very clearly traced to careless preparation.

GOLF With plenty of evidence in hand that tennis is once more on the mend, those who have so stoutly maintained that the reason for the wane of tennis enthusiasm was the introduction of golf must now most naturally be looking for a diminution in the number of the devotees of that sport. If they are, then they are looking in vain, for golf goes steadily ahead in number of adherents, and especially in the development of greater average skill among our players. The time is past when no other woman than Miss Hoyt claimed pre-eminence and when any man stood head and shoulders above all the class.

Garden City and Shinnecock now display at any tournament several contestants quite capable of giving odds to the former champions, while there is a younger element coming on with far better form, because they have taken up the sport when the muscles were ready to quickly adapt themselves to new motions. This younger element is sure to make our golf of five years hence of a higher grade, especially in one particularly desirable feature of this sport, namely, form. It is well to have, in these days of racing machines, unusual and exhaustive seeking for especial means by which to secure victory, a sport wherein, at least for a time, there is some appreciation of an element which is not strictly necessary for victory. The more of that heaven we can introduce the better, as it may be the means of lessening the American tendency toward extremes.

While the American could well afford to flaunt those irrepressible Stars and Stripes a little madly after the athletic games and his phenomenal record of victories in those events, when it came to the cycle races at the Parc des Princes Auteuil, it was another story altogether! Instead of walking off with all the prizes and all the honors, the representatives of this country were unable to get to the front at all, and, save in one or two instances, were practically not heard from. There was plenty of strong riding, but the foreigners were the winners. In the two kilometer amateur championship, John Lake of Brooklyn secured second place to Didier, the Frenchman from Nantes, beating out Vasse-ron, the other Frenchman. Didier's time was 3 minutes 6 2-5 seconds. Lake also rode from scratch in the 1,500 meter amateur handicap, but was beaten in his trial heat by Verytoub, although the final of those events was won by an Italian named Brusoni. Jacquelin won the two kilometers world championship by beating Meyers, the Dutch representative, and Arend, the German. He also won the 2,000 meter world championship in 4 minutes 38 4-5 seconds, Huret getting the 100 kilometers in 1 hour 49 minutes and 26 seconds.

AN ENGLISH-AMERICAN ON FOOTBALL Apropos of the near approach of the football season, I am in receipt of a letter from an English enthusiast, the Reverend Howard Mudie (a son of R. H. Mudie of Mudie's Select Library, so well known throughout England), quotations from which will not be out of place.

"I trust that no harm was done by my making myself

known to you as I did on that day in the Mt. Carmel car. I can only explain my action by saying that as an old footballer I have, since my coming East three years ago, been intensely interested in Yale, and Yale football especially, though I cannot claim that I am one of her graduates. And being thus greatly interested in all clean sport, and noting, as I do, the tendency in some quarters to so much of professionalism—both in England as well as in America—I have often thought it would be a real treat to me to have the chance to have some words with one like yourself who is so well posted on American football, and also on the English Rugby game, in

why should it be so? In all my six years' connection with one of the most prominent clubs in the north of England, and in all my many attendances at the international games, I never saw such a display of hospital 'paraphernalia' as is to be seen at either Yale or Soldiers' Fields. And so I often wonder why the authorities do not strive to eliminate that feature of the game, which is by no means scientific or attractive, and which seems to demand such a marvellous amount of padding and protection, etc. But I may be all wrong in this, and if I am you will be good enough to put it down to one who is not altogether posted on American football; and yet it is from one who has a desire to see the many very excellent points that figure in the game as played on this side of the water. You will pardon me for thus 'clearing my mind' on some of the points that still trouble me, and doubtless, when you have lots of time, and have put lots of study on Job, you will permit me to meet with you for further 'light.'

"Believe me to be, very sincerely yours,
"HOWARD MUDIE."

Rowing is one of the oldest of French sports, for it dates back sixty years. At first it was very little practiced, but in 1853 the Rowing Club of Paris was founded, mainly by Englishmen resident in Paris. This club soon brought over the English racing shells and methods. The sport thrived, and the Parisian oarsmen became well known. The Cercle Nautique de France, the Société Nautique de Marine, the Société d'Encouragement du Sport Nautique, the Cercle de l'Aviron de Paris, and the Société de la Basse-Seine were organized one after the other, and soon a national association was formed.

Rowing reached its highest point in France from 1880 to 1890, and M. Lein became as celebrated for his Parisian crews as Bob Cook in America or Lehman in England. During that decade there were many crews, and a high standard of rowing spread all through France.

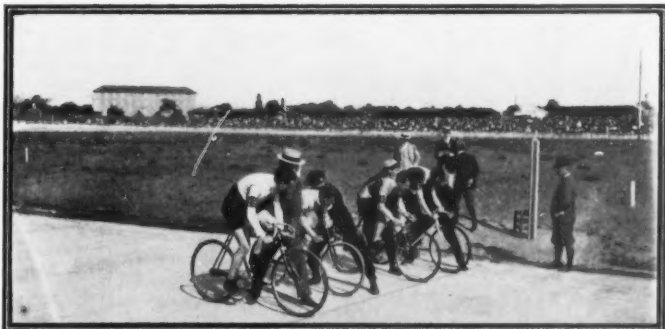
From 1890 to 1895 rowing retrograded, partly through lack of interest in the sport itself, and in some measure through the popularization of many other branches of sport, especially the bicycle.

But the past five years have seen a new awakening, and many new clubs have been formed, especially in the south, where many new rowing associations have sprung up, and where a new departmental association has been formed. This year's regatta of this association, held on the Mediterranean, was one of the most important in Europe. No less than six eight-oared crews are coming to Paris from the south of France for the coming championships. This is an indication of the great rowing interest here.

The French championships have been held for many years at the Bassin d'Asnières on the Seine. This is in Paris, and the high banks allow thousands to get a good view of the races. Here the Seine widens out, and as there is no perceptible current, it forms a very fair and commodious course. The world's championships, now being held here (August 25, 26, 30, and September 2), promise to bring together the best oarsmen of the different countries of Europe. In the races at Henley the past five years, the Dutch, German and Belgian crews have made a very good impression. Our American crews have also shown up well at Henley. G. W. ORTON.



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THE WORLD'S BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT PARIS, AUGUST 12-15

which I used to be an ardent and enthusiastic participant. Since my coming, I have taken every opportunity that presented itself of being present during practice games and also at the more prominent matches, and this thought has ever been present in my mind: Why is it that the field itself so often resembles a hospital? Is not the very appearance of the American player a severe criticism of the American game. Imagine, for instance, my own county team of Lancaster lining up on one side of Yale field and an American eleven on the other side. What a contrast as to dress and armor (I can call it by no other name) and hospital appliances, etc. And



MISS HOYT



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SOME CLEVER PLAYERS COMPETING IN THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT SHINNECOCK, BEGINNING AUGUST 28

MY FIRST DEER

By ANNA RICHARDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN



MY BROTHER began it when I was sixteen by giving me a rifle—to keep him company, he said, and from that time the aim of my life was to shoot a deer.

My father and brothers used to exchange tales of the chase which made my heart palpitate with excitement and a wild hope that some time I might have some such story to tell. It was long before I did,

but I worked for it as though the next day were to bring my one chance.

My rifle was a beauty—a Marlin repeater, .44—made for me, with a beautifully grained stock, only weighing six and three quarter pounds, so that I could hold it tight against my shoulder without any danger of its "kicking." My father's heavier one nearly knocked me over backward.

For two or three summers I practiced zealously every day, shooting first at a target, and then at the pictured foreshoulders of a deer with the heart graphically defined in red chalk. This, my cousin (a girl, too) and I shot at in the open and then later in the woods, so that we might accustom our eyes to the checkering light and shade of the trees which make distance so deceptive. Then, too, it is a very different thing to shoot between trees and through twigs and leaves, and we were determined to be thoroughly prepared.

Each afternoon toward sundown my cousin and I went down to the lake—half a mile through the woods—and out in our tiny boat—not a canoe, but a small Adirondack craft, about twelve feet long and so light that one of us could lift it over carries.

We took turns with the rifle, the other playing guide, and we became adepts in quiet paddling long before we got a shot at a deer.

During dry weather, about sunset the deer come down to the lake or river to drink, and we learned the various runways, and watched at them in turn. We always saw deer before the law was off—ten or fifteen each week—and were often able to get within a few yards of them without their taking fright. But by some occult reckoning of their own they always fear the 15th of August, and then we might watch hours without seeing one. We could hear them blowing back in the woods, but they would not come out.

Frequently we went out "jacking" at night. That was in the days before the law came down on that most exciting sport. I still maintain that every one should be allowed a "first offence"; for the chances are more than even for the deer, and he could not possibly be as frightened as the hunter. However often you go "jacking," the excitement of it never grows less. Your heart seems in your mouth most of the time, and your hands and feet grow so cold that you can hardly realize that you have any. Every nerve is stretched tight with expectancy, and your eyes nearly pop out of your head trying to see something in that circle of light which the guide keeps moving noiselessly along the shore.

I had done all this, and felt all these sensations with a (so-called) amateur, but finally I determined to try one of the guides for two or three nights and see if I could not change my luck.

It was the end of September, and the settlement was deserted by all the summer people except our party of five—my brother, three other girls and myself. The three friends I speak of had all elected to be huntresses, too, and had each engaged "the best guide in the woods."

Naturally, there was great rivalry among the girls over their respective guides; and, equally so, there was much bragging among the guides as to which girl was the best shot—the most likely to bring down a deer. One guide was heard feelingly and proudly to remark: "That gal of mine's the kind. When I creep on all fours, she creeps on all fours; when I climbs, she climbs!" One of our quartet was large and



SHOOTING "OFFHAND"



VENISON FOR SUPPER

heavy, and her guide was thin and small; the natural result was a badly balanced boat. This was, of course, the subject for gibes. "I say, Charlie, this is the first time I ever see ye paddling down hill!" Good-naturedly from Charlie: "I've got two big sand-bags in the stern now and I'm way up in the clouds!" You can imagine the joyful time we gave our fat member over that.

At last there came a great night for floating—warm, cloudy, and the woods were dry. This meant, surely, that the deer would come down to the lake and river to drink. "Abe," my guide, said this was the chance for us, and we made all our preparations accordingly. Of course, we had blankets to wrap round us, for the nights grow chill and the fogs rise, and we might be out into the morning. The "jack" was arranged—a lantern in a box closed on three sides, so that no light but a direct one should be cast. This was rigged on a stick fitted through a hole in the bow of the boat. Then my gun was looked over—though I kept it in spick-and-span order—and ten cartridges put in the magazine; for I did not know how much of a "duffer" I should prove, and I might want that many to bring down my poor little game. Finally we were ready, and left the settlement about ten o'clock, being waved off with derisive jeer and jest by all the girls. My brother heartened me up a bit, but I was pretty low in my mind, with incipient buck-fears coming on. No man going into battle ever experienced greater trepidation than did I during that walk to the lake.

Professional "jacking" with a professional guide was a much more serious matter than any I had yet attempted with amateurs and friends.

Abe was very kind, but I could see that he was too interested in my success to be exactly genial. He may have had

something "up" on me in a mild way! At last the path ended at the boathouse, and, after settling ourselves as comfortably as possible in such cramped quarters—you see I was facing the bow and there was little room for feet, legs and blankets—we started off.

I had loaded my rifle and half cocked it, and it lay across my knees ready for the crucial moment. Noiselessly and quickly we glided out across the bay toward the open lake. Everything looked ghostly and gigantic—the hills towering upward into the black sky and the trees looking three times their natural size. We could see the glimmering lights of two or three other "jacking" parties in the distance, but could hear nothing except the silence—which was very loud indeed.

Occasionally there was a sound from the shore—the breaking of twigs or croak of a bullfrog, and twice, at least, I nearly leaped from the boat over the sudden splash of a muskrat right beside us. The other boats were going down the lake, so we turned up, away from them. Abe seemed to hear myriad sounds that never penetrated my ears; I think my heart beat loud enough to drown most of them. And again and again he would bring the boat to a stand and throw the light up and down the shore. Sometimes I would hear a faint crackle of twigs back in the woods, as though some creature was treading warily. Again there would be a "blowing," and we could hear the noise and ever-retreating leaps of a deer which had taken fright. After that, Abe would turn the boat disgustedly away, for that runaway was counted out for the night, though it is possible to lure the deer back by imitating their calls—lore known to woodmen—but the ruse is rarely successful.

We had been out about two hours when a light breeze sprang up—a bad thing for us, for a deer is quick to scent "humans." At first I thought we might have to give up, but I heard Abe whisper, "Quiet! I hear something across the slough." Quickly he turned the boat, and, before I could collect my thoughts, he had brought us right before a runway made famous by a big deer seen earlier in the season. Sure enough, I could hear a twig break and even the nibbling of leaves right in front of me. The tiny feet would come on, stop as though to listen, and then come on again as he recommenced his nibbling at the tender grass as though reassured.

I hardly dared breathe. Abe whispered to get my rifle ready, and with cold and shaking fingers I cocked it. I give my word, I couldn't have shot a cow a foot away—never have I been so frightened!

I tried to test my nerve with a familiar psalm; not a word could I remember. A nursery rhyme met with the same result. My name? I hadn't any! And still the creature came softly nearer, until I could hear it breathe, and knew that the next moment the leaves would part and I should see it, and my own humiliation. Suddenly, without apparent rhyme or reason, Abe backed water and turned the boat around and started across the slough. "Abe," I said, finding my whisper, "what are you doing?" "Shh!" he said, and nothing more. I was as mad as the proverbial latter. Here he was leaving a bonanza, a sure thing (I forgot myself!), just because he was tired of waiting! I cooled with rage, and was about to suggest a few thoughts in my iciest manner, when I heard, "Look in the light—do you see it? Are you ready? Fire!"

Suddenly I felt as calm as though I were entering a ball-room (it's not a good simile), and there, right in the circle of light, I saw the red body of a deer! Neither head nor tail could I see, and I hesitated a moment, for I wanted to shoot through the heart. "Shoot!" said Abe again, and I didn't wait then. "Shoot again!" he said, and I shot, though I saw no target. I heard a grunt of satisfaction.

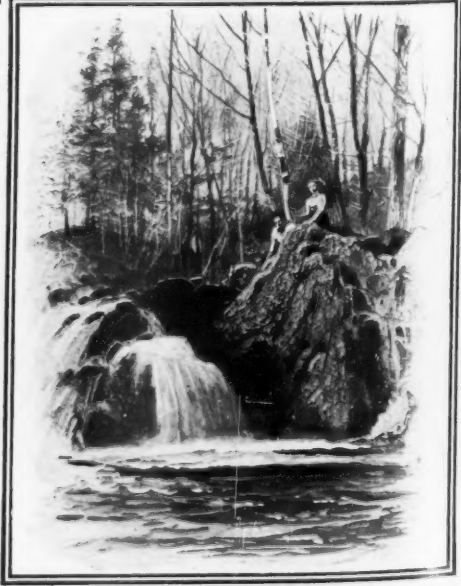
"Oh, Abe! did I kill him? Did I?"

"I reckon you did."

And I had; and with the first shot, too—the other never



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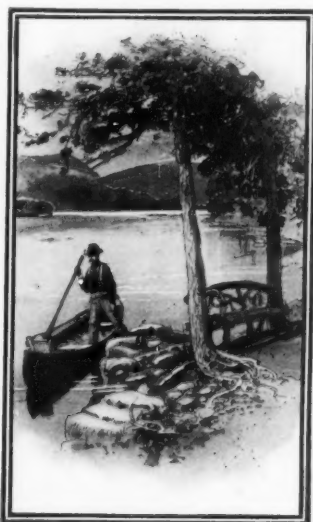
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touched him. When I shot it was a toss-up which was the head end and which was the tail end, but I hit just in front of the hind quarter, where the heart would have been if he had been facing the opposite way. There's Irish for you!

Abe got out and lifted the deer into the boat. It was a good yearling buck, or it turned out to be, for it looked so small at first that I thought I had killed a fawn, and nearly wept at the cruelty and ignominy of it. But Abe was comforting and very proud, and we made quite a triumphant procession of two home and up the hill.

Of course, I could hardly sleep, and just barely waited to tell the girls. They were almost as delighted as I; but later, when they went out to see the "puir beastie," all dressed and hanging by the gambrel joints, they became



OUR GUIDE

extremely funny. They had slipped out while I was breakfasting, and, coming back, averred they could not find it.

I was distressed, of course, and started with them to see. On the way they confided to me that they had seen a rather small rat hanging up, but they understood I had gone after deer! They always referred to it as "the rat" after that, but I noticed that they enjoyed the venison steaks as much as I did, and that they did not demand chopsticks to eat them with.

I did not have the head set up—thinking I might shoot one with bigger antlers. But now I am sorry, for the rug made of the skin was devoured by moths, and I have nothing but a rack made from the feet to illustrate my tale.

I advise every woman to set up the head of her first deer—for it may be her last!

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"Another lady, Mrs. Mary Baker, of Red Wing, Minn., had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years and found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum Food Coffee twice a day. She was wholly cured. Mrs. Judge Stocker of Minneapolis told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." Mrs. Mary Harrington, St. Paul Park, Minn.

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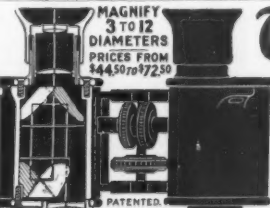
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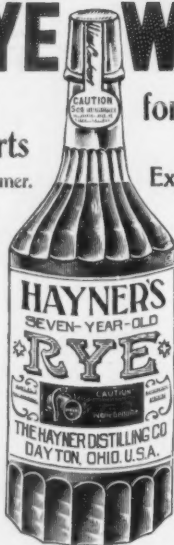
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